

THE ILLUSTRATED LEEDS MAIL



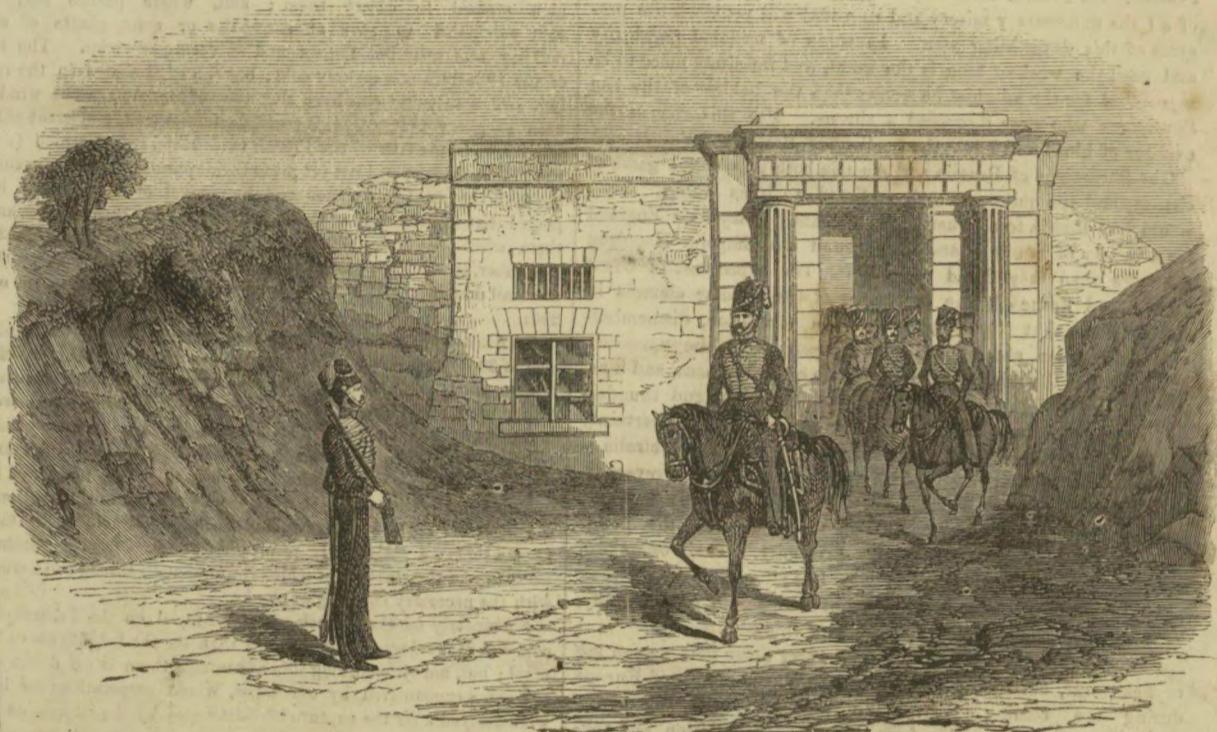
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT, FIVEPENCE.]

THE PROSPECTS OF 1856.

PEACE is not likely to herald in the New Year. Fortunately for mankind peace is always possible; but, unfortunately, it is not always probable. If we survey, at the close of 1855 and the commencement of 1856, the indications—whether they be slight and nebulous, and of the character which statesmen and diplomats can understand and appreciate, or of the broader and more palpable cast which appeal to the comprehension of plainer men, and of the multitude in all countries—we shall come to the conclusion that the nations are not likely to sheathe their swords until the war shall have assumed much larger proportions than it has yet exhibited. Proposals of peace have been submitted to the Emperor of Russia—not by the Allies, who rely upon their Might no less than upon their Right; but by that great and vacillating Power which detests the war, but detests still more strongly the necessity of taking part in it. The public mind of Europe is made up as to the answer that is to be expected. Russia will not accept the terms offered. It did not need the insulting interpretation of the famous Third Point of the Vienna Conferences, which has just been notified by the Russian Government to its diplomatic agents, to convince the public that the Czar had not yet come to his senses; and that coercion, stronger and more continuous than he has yet suffered, and defeat at the north as well as at the south—at Cronstadt, as well as at Sebastopol and Kinburn—were required to bring him to a humble and a wholesome state of mind, and to a sense of his true position. The Czar, Autocrat as he is, has probably as little, if not less, power to influence the decision of his country than a constitutional sovereign would, under similar circumstances, have in more fortunate countries. He is a tyrant, mighty to punish individuals, but not strong enough to warp from a foregone purpose the judgment and the pride of the classes who allow him to govern; and who conceal under the garb of his autocracy a despotism more stringent than his own. Though



THE PHOROS GATE, BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—SKETCHED BY J. A. CROWE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the chief of the State, he is but part of a great machine—a machine on which he may safely ride if he will conform himself to the law of its movements; but which will inevitably explode and cast him from it, a wreck, if he attempt to give it too suddenly a direction contrary to that in which it has received a powerful and long-enduring impetus. He



SEBASTOPOL.—ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, NEAR FORT NICHOLAS.—SKETCHED BY E. A. GOODALL.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

has been beaten and humiliated; but the defeat and the disgrace have not been sufficient to make resistance hopeless. He is still strong, and has many chances in his favour. They may not be of a nature to promise him the ultimate victory; but, as he speculates not simply upon the strength of his armies for aggression or resistance, but on the chapter of accidents—on the disunion of his foes—on the conversion of neutrals into allies—of secret friends into avowed supporters, and upon the events of Asia and America, no less than upon those of Europe—he is content to try the fortune of battle yet a little longer.

The world can scarcely blame, though it may deplore, this policy. It is not alone necessity—but, considered in a Russian point of view, it is worldly wisdom which dictates to the Czar the rejection of the terms which Austria has offered. By far the greater portion of the blame of his refusal must be transferred from his shoulders to those of the two great Sovereigns of Germany. Had they been bold and wise—had they cordially united their armies with those of the Allies—had they told the Czar, in language not to be mistaken, that his refusal of peace would involve immediate war with them—the Czar would have had, in the eyes of his subjects and in those of the world, the excuse and the pretext for that dignified and timely surrender which he now wants. Had they been honest, and aided with their strong right hands the cause to which they gave the cowardly support of their fair words, and their secret conscience, peace might have been long ago restored. Upon Prussia and Austria lie the guilt and the responsibility—a guilt that will not wipe off, and a responsibility that will too surely be exacted. On Prussia more especially sit the shame and the crime of all the unnecessary misery and ruin that will yet track the progress of this devastating war. In times of national perplexity and peril the weakest king is the worst, and infinitely more to be reprobated for the mischief he causes than the boldest of the bad Sovereigns who ever disgraced a throne. For this reason the avenger of blood will haunt the purlieus of Berlin and Potsdam.

The Sovereigns of Prussia and Austria both play at the game of chance, and are quite as much addicted to it as Russia. They would like Russia to conquer her opponents. They hate England for a variety of reasons; and they dread the Emperor Napoleon far more than they dread the Czar. The supremacy of Great Britain and France is the supremacy of the popular element in Europe; and that supremacy is to them revolution, dismemberment, segregation, and perhaps dethronement; while the supremacy of the Czar is the triumph of their system of government, and a renewed lease of dominion and splendour. Were England thundering at Cronstadt and besieging St. Petersburg, with the certainty of driving the Russian Government into the safe impenetrability of Moscow, they might perhaps pluck up courage, jointly or severally, to notify to Russia that persistence in the war would array Germany on the winning side. It will be the duty and the policy of the Allies to drive them to this extremity. Their offers will then be met with the fatal cry of "too late;" and they and their subjects will have to settle an account which will greatly edify, but not otherwise concern, the people of this country.

From all these indications, and from every other that we can see or hear, war, deadly war, seems to be the prospect of Europe during the coming year. We wish it were otherwise. But, reliant on justice, free from the guilt of ambition and self-seeking, with the purest of causes and of motives, the great British nation will accept the struggle with all its perils and responsibilities. Yet if the ruling classes amongst us do not accept it in the same spirit; if they do not awaken to the consciousness that it is no child's play in which the State is engaged—and that on our success or failure depend not simply our credit and our honour, but our rank among the nations, and our very existence as one of the leading Powers of the world—there will be in this country, as well as in others, a heavy account to settle between the people and those who have thrust themselves into, or been allowed to assume, the offices of Government. We must not only cease to play a merely secondary part in military affairs, but we must prove ourselves to be what we were from the days of Blake to those of Nelson—the first and greatest naval Power in the world;—second to none in military prowess, superior to all in maritime daring and dominion. The nation must win laurels both in Asia and in the Baltic, or it will be roused to exact a heavy penalty from the incompetency, the obstinacy, or the treachery that shall impede or prevent its triumphs. It does not begrudge its blood or treasure in a cause that it knows to be just, and in a conflict that it feels to be inevitable; but, being itself in earnest, it expects that those who govern in its name shall be in earnest also.

THE HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL.

OUR Special Artist's Sketch, engraved upon the preceding page, shows an interesting portion of the vast stronghold of the Russians in the Black Sea. The Harbour is the most important feature of Sebastopol, and has been compared to that of Malta. The principal bay is about three miles and a half in length, with a width of three-quarters of a mile at the mouth, widening to nearly a mile, and then narrowing to six or seven hundred yards at the head. The average depth at the mouth is not above ten or eleven fathoms; as far as the ancient village of Akhtiar it is about nine fathoms; and thence diminishes gradually towards the two ports to three fathoms. There is not a rock nor a shoal in the whole harbour, except opposite the Sevannah Kossa, or northern point, where there is a small sandbank, which ships entering the bay have to avoid, and where the sailors find abundance of fish.

The entrance of the harbour is defended by strong batteries placed at the extremity of the two points of land that form the bay. Besides these there is another fronting the town, and two more on the double point on which the town stands, with a redoubt higher up. The large harbour, as well as the lesser, is perfectly protected from all winds by the chalk rocks which surround it, and which rise to a greater height more inland, so that it is only on the rare occurrence of a tempest from the west that any damage can be occasioned to the shipping in the bay. About a mile from the mouth of the bay the grand port for vessels of war forms a sort of small arm, running in a south-west direction. This arm, which the Tartars used to call Kartali-Kosh (Vulture Bay), is now called Yujnaya-Bukhta or South Port. It is upwards of a mile and a half in length, with a width of 400 yards at the entrance, and has a little narrow creek of about 600 yards in length, in which ships can be laid up in ordinary in perfect safety. On the other side of the town, in Artillery Bay, there is a similar creek, used to careen vessels of war, for the purpose of cleansing and scouring their bottoms.

The smaller illustration above the view of the Harbour, sketched by our Special Correspondent and Artist, is the locality referred to in his letter, at page 146 of our volume just completed. It shows the gate of the Phoros Pass, in advance of Baldar. The Pass of Phoros is also engraved at page 488.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

(From our Artist and Special Correspondent.)

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, Dec. 22, 1855.

NEVER since the occupation of the Crimea by the Allies have they encountered such severity of weather as marked the past month. The heavy gales and deluge of rain, the snow and frost with which they alternated, were more continuous and lasting this winter than last year, and the Siberian days of the present week are without precedent within our knowledge. On the 18th, after a tremendous gale from the north-west, which lasted twenty-four hours, and covered the ground with upwards of a foot of snow, the wind shifted to the northward and eastward with a violence almost surpassing that of the southerly storms to which we have been accustomed. The snow, which had warmed the atmosphere during the early part of the day, began to drift shortly after the onset of the gale, and, whirling in wreaths over the camps, penetrated the chinks and crannies of the huts, drove its way into the most hermetically-sealed tents and froze every thing before it. Beer, wine, spirits, tea after leaving the pot, with every thing in the shape of a liquid, became ice in a marvelously short time. All the warm clothing in Camp was suddenly put in requisition, and failed to impart the desirable warmth. As the night advanced the cold increased, mercury in the thermometer falling gradually to two degrees above zero of Fahrenheit, and becoming then inappreciable by falling into the bulbs. A few sentries on the hills and in Camp were frozen to death or were severely frostbitten, whilst many soldiers in both Camps died of cold in their beds. In the 30th Regiment, close to my hut, a private was found dead of cold on the morning of the 19th; and the sergeant-major had one of his ears frozen. Several men of other regiments went into hospital on the 19th and 20th, suffering more or less from the effects of cold. The usual animation and high spirits of the men seemed to desert them; and, where parties had been seen assembled to play at snowballs or erect giants of snow, nothing was seen but forlorn and shivering sentries. The night of the 19th-20th was equally cold; but the wind abated in the morning, and a splendid sunny day succeeded. At sea the wind had been so great that no ships could come into port, and great anxiety was felt as to the fate of the French mail-boats, two of which (due on the 14th and 18th) had not yet made their appearance. In the evening of the 20th the usual flags announced the arrival of a mail; but it appeared that the boat due at Constantinople on the 12th had not arrived there when that of the 17th left for Kamiesch. This day, the 22nd of December, is well nigh past, and no signs appear of the arrival either of the mail due on the 12th, or that which should have reached us on the 20th.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather and the extraordinary cold of 30 degrees, large fatigue parties from the regiments which still remain unhutted have been daily sent to Balaclava, from whence they bring, with much labour and on foot, the various pieces of wooden houses which are required. This labour has become more continual in consequence of the enormous losses suffered by the Land Transport Corps during the severe weather. No less than 1100 mules and horses have perished within the past week from exposure to the weather, and the wretched Turks and Armenians are dying daily in their thin and ragged tents: a melancholy result this of the delay in sending out wood to roof the stables—of which the masonry was long since erected—with the necessary covering of planks.

Fortunately for the French army encamped on the Tchernaya, the cold was many degrees milder there than on the heights above Sebastopol; but, notwithstanding this advantage, there is no doubt of the sufferings encountered by our allies, whose preparations for hunting were delayed after the capture of Sebastopol by the impression prevalent in Paris that the occupation of the town would supersede the necessity of housing the troops elsewhere.

The natural result of this unusually hard weather has been to stop most of the amusements of the Camp. Dog-hunts, frequent in the early part of the winter, had been given up in consequence of the unwillingness of the game to give sport. Wild as these animals are—lying *perdu* in the rocks and ravines which surround the Camp—there are very few of them that will afford the hunters any sport; and, notwithstanding all the halloaing and whipping of the riders, I have seen the wretched hound lie down and turn looks of pity towards its persecutors, instead of flying from them. The inhumanity of running down a beast who thus appeals in dumb show to the better feelings of his pursuers has, perhaps, produced the abandonment of the sport. A far more amusing and inspiring game was invented later:—Two or three officers on horseback proceed from a given point laden with bags of paper shavings, which are strewed along the ground to form a track; and, twenty minutes' start being given, a vast hunt is organised on the principle of "Follow my leader." At a brook formed near the Monastery of St. George, on the steeplechase course, no less than seventeen falls occurred on the last day of the meet; General Eyre leading the successful chase to the last with great spirit and applause. General Barnard has been amusing himself with a little sleighing, but the roads are rather rough for the amusement.

In the mean while a successful experiment has been made to test a new method of propelling guns in bad weather. An artillery carriage of the largest size, fitted with five flat beams moving on pivots fixed to the wheel, is found to act extremely well in wet and slippery weather, the beams being so arranged as to transform the carriage into a sledge where the nature of the ground requires it.

The works commenced long since for the destruction of Sebastopol docks have been actively carried on since the frosts under more favourable circumstances than before. The wet weather and snow of the previous weeks impeded the engineers in their progress by filling their shafts with water. It will not be long now before the mines are ready for springing, and we shall then witness the destruction of the most compact and well-built naval docks ever constructed. I may notice cursorily the fact that, though numerous and well built, these dry docks are not of the large size suited to the wants of armed vessels of the greatest size, being smaller in their dimensions than those in our great naval arsenals.

Sir Edmund Lyons, in the *Royal Albert*, has left Kamiesch for Malta, taking with him General Della Marmora, the Commander-in-Chief of the Sardinian forces.

The deliberations of the Council of War at Paris will, no doubt, give rise to a good deal of speculation as to what is to be done in the Crimea. Sir Edmund Lyons, Admiral-in-Chief of the English Black Sea squadron, and General La Marmora, Commander-in-Chief of the Sardinian army, arrived at Marseilles on Sunday last in the *Caradoc*, and took their departure for Paris the next morning. This steamer will, no doubt, await the return of these two personages to convey them to Malta, whence they will proceed to the Crimea on board the *Royal Albert*. The Consuls of England and Sardinia accompanied Sir Edmund Lyons and General La Marmora to the railway station.

RUSSIAN DIFFICULTIES.

Recent letters from St. Petersburg state that the conduct of the Mussulman population on the banks of the Volga is giving much uneasiness to the Russian Government. Many Mussulmans have been arrested and

sent to Siberia. It is also said that there is considerable excitement in Finland, and it appears probable that such is really the case, as the Russian Government has refused to permit any of the Finnish families to go to Sweden to pass the winter.

The Emperor Alexander II. has ordered a special Court to be formed at Kieff for trying captured Poles and Hungarians. The former are to be punished according to the military law of the country; but the latter are to be delivered over to the Austrian authorities.

The prices of saltpetre continue to rise beyond all calculation and control; all restrictions have been removed from its production in Russia, and the Government has offered high prices to be paid in ready money for almost unlimited quantities.

In the mean time financial matters become more and more embarrassing; there have been reports sent in to the Government which show that, in spite of the strict *surveillance* exercised at the frontiers, the smuggling of specie of the country is being organized as a regular and lucrative trade. It is stated that the smugglers earn no less than four per cent for all roubles or imperials they can convey out of the country from the exporters, and an equal amount from the receivers. The long-existing smuggling of tea, and similar articles of considerable value and small bulk, has trained a numerous population to this lucrative trade.

THE PEACE PROPOSALS.

The following is a statement, from an Austrian source, of the contents of the "proposals" which Count Esterhazy is to lay before the Cabinet of St. Petersburg; they are described to be the "result of a perfect understanding between the Western Powers and Austria, both with regard to the tenor of the conditions of peace which are to provide the necessary guarantees, and to the common action of the Allies in case of their being rejected."

The proposals contain:—

1. The relinquishment of the Russian Protectorate over the Danubian Principalities, and the conditions essential to the securing a new order of things there. This difficult point, which is already in process of being carried out, is drawn up so decisively and clearly, that, in case of its acceptance, every prejudicial influence on the part of Russia on the deliberations as to the regulation of the affairs of the Principalities is excluded at once. Russia is required simply to give her assent to the arrangements about to be made, without participating in any deliberation or in any resolution on the subject.

2. Cession of a portion of Bessarabia, to such an extent that Russia would be not only removed from the delta of the Danube, but would have to give up her entire position on that river. The geographical line for the future Russian frontier is traced on a map appended to the papers, and according to that the Russian frontier would be considerably thrust back.

3. Neutralisation of the Black Sea, without any Russian fortresses and arsenals on its coasts; at the mouths of the Danube, however, there is to be a station of vessels of war of small burden, for the purposes of marine police.

4. Common protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte.

All the above points have been proposed by Austria; the following have been added by the Western Powers:—Admission of consuls into the harbours of the Black Sea, and an undertaking on the part of Russia never for the future to erect any fortifications on the Aland Isles. The term allowed to Russia by Count Esterhazy, who is expected to arrive in St. Petersburg on the 24th or 25th, is very short, and in ten days the decision must be made. Should the proposals be rejected, the immediate breaking off of diplomatic relations between Russia and Austria would ensue.

SWEDISH PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT CAMPAIGN.

If the intelligence contained in the following letter from Stockholm (Dec. 24) may be relied on, Sweden evidently intends to play an important part in the next campaign in the Baltic:—

The extraordinary activity prevailing in our naval and military arsenals and other departments points to the presumption that there is more going on behind the scenes than is considered needful to make public, at least for the present. It is clear that in this hyperborean climate, with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero, and sea and land covered several feet deep with ice and snow, the Christmas holidays would not be employed for such energetic work unless there was some good reason for it. It is more especially the army and naval clothing establishments that are so exceedingly busy in preparing uniforms and other articles of dress and accoutrements. Very large quantities of leather for boots, cross-belts, and pouches have been purchased at Hamburg, and arrived here just before the frost set in. Regimental commanders have received strict orders to put their corps in the greatest possible state of efficiency. These orders are called "private," but are, as a matter of course, of such a nature as to prevent their being kept long secret. Officers who have applied for leave of absence at head-quarters have received flat refusals to their request. Here at Stockholm the belief is general that we are preparing to take part in the war in the spring, and, although the partisans of Russia declaim against it, public opinion in general is greatly in favour of it, and a war with Russia would be a very popular measure.

THE CAPTURE OF HERAT.

The most important news received by the last Overland Mail is the statement that the city of Herat has been taken by the Persians. There was a time, eighteen years ago, when a similar attempt on the part of the reigning Shah, made under the influence of Russian diplomacy and his own lust of conquest, was thought by the rulers of India to be of sufficient importance to warrant an armed interference in the affairs of Central Asia, and the presence of a British force in the desiles of Afghanistan. Then the tidings of the fall of Herat were daily looked for, and with the gravest anticipations. But—as in these days, and against a more formidable enemy, at Siliestria and Kars—the place was saved by British energy and skill, and the public attention, long riveted on its gallant defence, was turned to observe, first the successes, and then the overwhelming disasters, of the English army of occupation. The fear of an invasion of India, then so prevalent, has long since been allayed by a calmer view of the difficulties that must attend it; nor at this juncture, when the Czar has so much on his hands in Western Asia and Eastern Europe, is it likely to be revived. The news, therefore, that Herat has fallen into the hands of its old enemy will probably meet with little attention. Yet, as indicating the designs of Persia—whether with or without Russian prompting—against a country of which the chief has lately become our ally, the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* thinks it worth taking into account by English statesmen:—

Some of the most far-sighted politicians in India (he remarks) consider the interference of the British Government in Persia only a question of time. Herat is the key of Northern India. Any first-rate Power in possession of that fortress can pour an army through Afghanistan into the valley of Peshawar: they might be attacked by the mountaineers, they might lose their baggage and part of their artillery; but they would arrive, and it is their arrival rather than their strength that we have cause to dread. The restless Mussulmans of the north would hail with delight anything which promised them excitement and a change of masters. If that "anything" came in the shape of a Persian army of Mussulmans led by Russian officers, the excitement might reach a point most dangerous to our supremacy. It is true the invaders would be annihilated before they had crossed the Indus, but in the interim we might have Northern India to reconquer. Such are the views which I know to be current among men who deserve a hearing, and who will have no small share in determining the policy to be ultimately adopted.

The means of preventing such a result is obviously to compel the Shah to resign his conquest. This coercion can be exercised without difficulty. We have sufficient men, guns, and ships on the Bombay side to throw a force of 15,000 men into Bushire in six weeks from the issue of the order. The Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army is active, experienced, and comparatively young. To a force so composed and so led the Shah has literally nothing to oppose. He has no infantry who would cross bayonets with the Sepoys—no cavalry whom Colonel Jacob and his Scinde horse would not ride down like corn. He must yield, as he yielded before, and give back Herat to its chief—a man who performs for Central Asia the function performed by the Sultan in Europe—viz., holding a city too important to be trusted to any one with power to employ its capabilities.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Cape Parliament terminated its second session at the beginning of last June, with perfect harmony between itself and the Executive. The Governor gave his assent to fifteen bills, the most important of which is one for encouraging the importation of European labourers. In bygone years some landed proprietors went to considerable expense in procuring farm servants, particularly Germans, who, after their arrival, broke their contracts, because they found out that they were not binding unless made within the colony. By the new bill this disadvantage is removed, and labourers henceforth arriving at the Cape will be compelled to fulfil engagements made by them in Europe.

Many people thought that the Cape Parliament would prove exceedingly unmanageable, but as yet it has discharged its functions with sense and moderation. Whether such would have been the case, had the late John Montagu lived and continued to be Secretary to Government, is a question: notwithstanding his great abilities, and the wonderful improve-

ments he effected, Mr. Montagu was unpopular with a strong party in the colony. It was, therefore, fortunate that the Parliament commenced its duties in connection with a new secretary, against whom there is neither prejudice nor bad feeling. One thing, however, which might have been anticipated, is taking place, the result of a poor and straggling population spread over a vast extent of country. The members residing on the outskirts of the colony, are gradually resigning their seats, and after a few years the whole representation will be in the hands of persons who live within a reasonable distance of Cape Town. In fact there are no men at the Cape of independent fortune who can afford to absent themselves from their ordinary occupations for the length of time necessary to attend Parliament.

During the last eight months the colony had been suffering under the horse distemper—some twenty years ago that dreadful scourge carried off in one season more than 80,000 horses. How many have died on this occasion, I cannot say; but in a small part of the colony, thirty-five miles long, by ten broad, the farmers have lost between eight and nine hundred. Another scourge imported from Holland, called the lung sickness, has been spreading devastation amongst the horned cattle. Many failures, too, have taken place in the mercantile class, arising from over-speculation to the Australian diggings. Notwithstanding, however, these drawbacks, the colony is steadily advancing in prosperity. It may be compared to a vessel which, though occasionally impeded by storms and contrary winds, still makes way and holds upon her course.

You have no doubt heard of Sir George Clerke, who was considered an able man in India. He was very near being Governor of this Colony, but most fortunately his appointment did not take place. During the time he was High Commissioner on the Cape frontier he severed the country called the Sovereignty from the dominion of England, and gave it up to be erected into an independent government. Thus, instead of trying to further the grand object of making the colonists one united people, he has raised up another barrier between the Dutch and English, and laid the foundation of future wars which will cause generations yet unborn bitterly to regret the folly of his measures.

Matters are quiet at present on our frontier. The Kaffirs had made preparations for an attack on the colony, expecting that all the troops would be sent away; but owing to the wise precautions of those in authority peace has been preserved. I see that £40,000 has been voted by the English Parliament to be expended on public works in British Kaffraria. Some people at home may not like that, particularly at the present time; but you may depend that it is a very wise measure, and will prove the most efficient means of introducing civilisation amongst our barbarous neighbours.

AMERICA.

The steam-ship *America*, which left Boston on the 19th ult., arrived at Liverpool on Monday last. At the date of the departure of the steamer, the House of Representatives had been still unable to elect a Speaker. Sixty-four ballottings had taken place, and thirteen days had been consumed in an unsuccessful effort. The following is the state of the last balloting: Banks, 106; Richardson, 73; Fuller, 38; Lester, 2. Pending a motion offered by Mr. Thorington, Black Republican, of Iowa, to adopt the plurality rule, an adjournment was agreed to. The friends of Mr. Banks feel confident that the rule will be adopted, and that their favourite will be elected.

In reference to the probable choice of Speaker the *New York Times* says:—

Our advices from Washington do not lead us to anticipate a speedy organisation of the House. The nomination of Mr. Banks by a regular caucus of the opposition members seems to have effected a thorough triangulation of parties. Unless some of the middle-men, who are voting for Mr. Fuller, give way, it seems to us that the dreary monotony of calling the roll and declaring the result may go on until 4th March, 1857, as one of the Democratic members declared on Saturday that he preferred to do, rather than abandon the candidate who represented his principles.

The *New York Herald* states that the President will recommend in his Message the purchase of the rights and possessions of the Hudson Bay Company on the north-west coast of the continent. These rights and possessions are exercised and held within the territory of Oregon, a large portion of which formerly belonged to the old Pacific Fur Company.

The Washington correspondent of the same journal, writing on the 16th ult., says:—

The President, with much earnestness, assured a member of Congress last evening that he should have two messages to transmit to Congress upon its organisation; adding that his original message, prepared for the opening of the session, would need further alterations, in consequence of the intelligence brought from Europe by the Baltic.

A correspondent writes from Washington, on the 14th ult., to the *New York Herald*, respecting the disputes between this country and the States:—

Mr. Buchanan's papers set forth a settled determination, on the part of the British Minister, Lord Palmerston, to offer no further terms of explanation or conciliation than those already made known to the American Government. His language to Mr. Buchanan is that the American Government can expect nothing further through our exertions to get the redress demanded by diplomacy. This sentiment is not intended to convey hostility on the part of Great Britain, but it applies as a fixed determination not to make further apologies, those already made being deemed all that the case called for. It would seem that Mr. Marcy and the President have agreed upon the one point—that in the event by the next arrival (which proved to be the Baltic) there should be no alteration in the British Minister's course towards the United States upon the subject of her demand, which was a satisfactory apology, or the displacement of her Minister, the subject should be referred to Congress for immediate action. The Message on this point will not probably undergo any material change.

Accounts from Kansas represent the inhabitants of that territory as being under arms, in response to the call of Governor Shannon. Three thousand men are said to be already in the field to put down the opponents of law and order, and a violent collision is looked for between the beligerents.

Advices have been received from Havannah to the 12th ult.; but there is no news of importance. A correspondent writing on the 10th notices a grand religious celebration which took place in the church of San Carlos, with the view of impressing more firmly on the public mind a belief in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. A three days' pageant was closed on Sunday with cock-fights, bull-fights, and military parades.

Advices from Vera Cruz to the 8th ult., and the city of Mexico to the 5th, have been received. A conspiracy has been discovered, the object being to make General Urrea President. Neaga, Padre Miranda, and Col. Assolito, had been arrested for being concerned in the affair, which caused great excitement. Col. Robles had been appointed to succeed Senor Almonte as Minister to Washington. It was rumoured that Comonfort would retire from the Ministry. The Church was opposed to the existing Government, and things were generally in great confusion.

The *New York Daily Times* of the 13th ult. says that President Pierce has advised of the absolute overthrow of the Alvarez Government in Mexico. The effect of this is favourable to the American assignees of the three millions indemnity.

THE RECENT OCCURRENCES IN NICARAGUA.

WE have received from a Correspondent at Greystown, San Juan Nicargua, the following document, which has been transmitted to the Congress at Washington, on behalf of the French residents:—

Greystown, Nov. 15th, 1855.

From the delegate of the French population of Greystown to the American nation and its New Congress:—

Gentlemen.—At the solemn moment when a new Congress, composed of the *élite* of your young and admirable nation, is about to be opened, I am called upon to fulfil a duty which my quality of delegate of the unfortunate French population of Greystown to the honourable members of your Congress will sufficiently justify. In addressing the entire Union, which includes so many enlightened minds—in addressing the New Congress, which consists of citizens chosen from among the best, I indulge the hope that my voice will be heard. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise, since the shades of the great men who established the Union are still among you; and surely, gentlemen, the virtues of those distinguished citizens ought to be propagated in a proportion equal to the extension of territory and dominion. I therefore address with confidence, and in all humility, the people of the American Union, to demand justice; and I sincerely trust, as much for their sake as for our own, that it will be completely rendered.

The nation, which in less than a century has sprung from a small colony into a mighty empire, and which is at the present time one of the three great Powers of the globe, ought to be the first to desire a sincere and cordial union with France and England. From such a union not merely America but the whole of the civilised world would reap incalculable advantages. But wherefore is an idle shadow allowed to eclipse the splendour of this prospect? Alas! the reason ought to be told. It is because on the 13th July, 1854, a lamentable and frightful event was accomplished at Greystown by the military and naval forces of your powerful republic.

Gentlemen it is far from my thoughts to wish to excite ill feeling among my fellow-townsmen. On the contrary I pray God that he may direct my pen while I endeavour to state our case moderately, leaving to you the care of unravelling this mysterious affair.

The American Transit Company of Nicaragua, which, aided by Mr. Fabens, Consul of the Union at Greystown, has for the last four years obtained an anti-social monopoly, complained to your Government of an imaginary injury inflicted on it by the 500 peaceful and innocent inhabitants of this town. A frigate (the *Cyane*) was therewith sent to Greystown, where it arrived on the 11th July, 1854. On the following day a proclamation from Consul Fabens was placarded in the streets, informing the inhabitants that the town would be bombarded on the morrow if they did not immediately pay the Transit Company the sum of 24,000 dolars. The inhabitants, convinced of the revolving injustice of this demand, and terrified by the cowardly threat, abandoned the town early on the morning of the day specified. At nine o'clock a severe fire from the frigate commenced, and continued unabated till three o'clock in the afternoon. As none of the houses had suffered any serious damage, the Commander of the frigate sent a body of fifty armed men, with standard and officers in full uniform, to complete the ineffectual work of destruction. M. Fabens, now ex-Consul of the Union, but at that time in the full exercise of his functions, also joined the invaders, who, each with a lighted torch in his hand, deliberately set fire to the town, house after house. Before six o'clock this melancholy and cowardly deed, which plunged 500 persons into misery, was consummated. But this was not all. For seventeen days afterwards, during which the rain came down in torrents, these unfortunate 500 human beings were without shelter and without provisions, and suffered indescribable and hitherto-unheard-of privations.

Since this mournful event took place it appears—or, at any rate, it is reported—that the Government of the United States never issued any such order to the commander of the *Cyane*. The inhabitants of Greystown would be glad to believe this to be the case. Nevertheless the outrage has been committed, and an immense amount of property belonging to English, French, Sardinian, Spanish, and German merchants, as well as to several merchants of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the United States, has been entirely destroyed. In addition to this a great number of commercial houses of Paris, Lyons, London, Manchester, Liverpool, Genoa, New York, and New Orleans, have sustained considerable losses.

Why, in the name of heaven, did the naval and military forces of your respectable republic commit these atrocities under the shadow of the national flag? Why this show of hostility against a town which offered no resistance, and especially when the grounds of dispute were a trifling sum of 24,000 dollars? Why, when the scared inhabitants had fled before the cruel menaces of Messrs. Gabens and Mollins, why did they not enter the warehouses of Messrs. Barruel and Co., or of M. Jean Messauier; of M. Angel Solar; or of Messrs. Mancho Frères; or of Messrs. Roman Rivas and Cleto Mayorga; or of M. A. Penrose?—in each of whose warehouses the representatives of the United States might have found, not 24,000 dollars merely, but even 80,000 dollars' worth of merchandise, and in some of them upwards of 100,000 dollars in money.

Gentlemen, I must pause here. I beseech you to study the reasons why certain imprudent and guilty persons have not hesitated to bring upon an innocent population the sufferings to which I have alluded. You will have more especially to examine the value of the inquiry which has been made by M. Fabens, Consular Agent of the United States, and which—worthy of the shameful deed of which it is the pretended examination—attempts to prove that the town has scarcely suffered.

I repeat what I said before. I should be happy to believe in the good faith of the United States. If the Republic is guiltless of these crimes, it also, like Greystown, has been woefully abused. All that is required of it is to acknowledge its error openly and entirely; and this can only be done by a complete reparation of the injury.

As to this appeal which I make to the American people and its honourable Congress, it is my firm conviction that it will have its effect, and that in one of its first sittings the new Congress will clear away the cloud which, since the 13th July, 1854, has eclipsed the splendour of the American constellation. In this hope, and in that of seeing your country allied to Great Britain and France, I am, gentlemen, your very humble servant,

PHILIPPE AUGUSTE DE BARVERT BEAUVERT,
The Delegate of the French Population of Greystown.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS.—On last Monday the powers of the Commissioners of Sewers expired, and the duties were transferred to the new Board of Works. All rates made by the former are to be enforced under the Local Management Act.

THE NEW OMNIBUS SCHEME.—The project for the formation of a new omnibus company has met with a sturdy resistance on the part of a great number of the regular "Bus-men," and placards of a very exciting nature have been for some days posted in the City, to counteract what is considered to be a "foreign innovation." As every available point is posted with these bills, the congregation of idlers and the jeering of the "Bus-men" have created such a perfect nuisance, that the police were diligently employed on Wednesday in preventing more bills being posted, and in pulling down or defacing any already put up.

THE CLOSE OF THE OLD YEAR.—On Monday night, in all the Wesleyan chapels in the metropolis, in most of the Congregational churches, and in many churches in connection with the Establishment, special services were held for the purpose of "seeing the old year out and the new year in." In all cases service commenced at ten o'clock, or shortly afterwards, and as twelve o'clock approached, hymns were sung, in which occupation the various congregations were engaged when the striking of twelve told them that the old year had gone. They shortly afterwards dispersed.

FIRE AT THE PRINCES TAVERN, SOHO.—Shortly after six o'clock on Monday morning a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Whall, Princes Tavern, Princes-street, Soho. On the inmates endeavouring to effect their escape they found that all egress by the usual means was cut off. The fire-escape was sent for, and the conductor succeeded in saving the lives of Mr. and Mrs. J. Whall, three children (aged twelve, nine, and seven years), and the two servants. After great exertions the fire was extinguished, but not until the bar-parlour and the bar were burnt out, and the first and second floors, with the rest of the house, very considerably damaged by fire and water. The contents were insured in the Royal Exchange, the building in the Globe.

FURTHER REDUCTION IN THE PRICES OF FOOD.—On Tuesday morning last a general reduction took place in the prices of every description of provisions, with the exception of bread, which continues to be sold at 9d. to 10d. per 4 lbs. in the western districts, although the same quality may be obtained at the East-end and in Southwark at prices varying from 8d. to 9d. per 4 lbs. The prices of butcher's meat have declined considerably, and mutton of excellent quality sells, by retail, at the following prices, viz., breasts, 5d.; shoulders, 6d. to 6d.; and legs, 7d. per lb. Beef, roasting pieces, 8d. to 8d.; boiling and salting ditto, 6d. to 7d.; and steaks of the leg of mutton piece, at 8d. per pound. Bacon and Bervick pork have declined fully 1d. per pound in value; and the price of dairy-fed pork is less by 1d. per pound than it was sold previous to Christmas. The poultry left in hand in Leadenhall and Newgate markets is so abundant, that turkey pouls, of good size, may be purchased at 4s. each; and turkeys from 7s. 6d. to 1s. each. Geese are so plentiful that the salesmen, to effect a market for them, are obliged to raffle them at 4d. to 6d. per member. The retail grocers have reduced the price of sugar another halfpenny: inferior Brazil sells at 5d., and West India at 5d. per pound. Good loaf can be had at 6d. per pound.

THE CASE OF THE REV. DR. VAUGHAN AND HIS LATE SEXTON.—At the Lambeth Police Court, on Monday, on the case of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan against his late sexton, William Mally, for perjury, being called on, a professional gentleman, on the part of the prosecution, applied for another adjournment, as it was thought that the reverend doctor should not appear as a prosecutor against Mally until his own case was disposed of. The defendant said he would much prefer having the case heard at once to an adjournment. The attorney for the prosecution said he would be satisfied with defendant's own recognizances. The presiding magistrate said, as the defendant was not a consenting party to the adjournment, he must discharge him for the present, and leave the prosecutor and his friends to take out a fresh summons, or adopt any other course they thought proper. The summons was then dismissed, and the parties left the court.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT AT HAMBURG.—It is seldom that a more painful sensation has been created here than by the announcement of the arrest and arbitrary imprisonment of Mr. Julius Campe, the head of the well-known liberal publishing firm of Hofman and Campe, of this city. This gentleman is the publisher of a series of works, written by Dr. Vehse, on the secret history of various courts of Germany (Berlin, Hanover, Brunswick, Cassel), which have been translated into English, and noticed in various journals and periodicals. The last series of this "Secret History" relates to the Court of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and reveals many scandalous transactions that took place there. In the course of the investigation against Dr. Vehse, the publisher, Mr. Campe, was compromised, as having transmitted to him certain communications. The city is in a state of great ferment. Fears were entertained that the populace last night would storm the Winterbaum and liberate Mr. Campe by force. Up to the present moment, however, no demonstration has been made by the people.—*Letter from Hamburg, Dec. 29.*

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

There are ten officers in the Kerry Militia that measure six feet; and there are four more that measure from six feet two inches to six feet four inches.

THE CASTLE HILL HOUSE, at Winchester, has been taken by Government, to afford additional hospital accommodation for the troops stationed in the garrison, until the new hospital is built.

A COURT-MARTIAL was held on the 11th ult. on Mr. Denehy, second master of the *Lynx*, on a charge of cowardice during the action against the forts of Kinburn. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

AN IMMENSE gun is in course of construction at the Mersey Steel and Iron Works, Liverpool, which, when finished, is expected to weigh 24 tons, will be 15 feet long, 13-inch bore, and will project a ball of upwards of 300 lb. a distance of five miles.

It is intended by the Government to effect a further increase in the Army Works Corps. This contemplated augmentation will consist of 750 men, comprising persons of every trade, but principally masons, bricklayers, carpenters, bakers, butchers, smiths, wheelwrights, collar-makers, and excavators. There are at present ready for embarkation upwards of 300 men for this corps.

LIEUTENANT and ADJUTANT CHADWICK, of the 17th Lancers, who was severely wounded at the battle of Balaklava, and taken prisoner, has been appointed Adjutant to the Royal Military Hospital, Dublin, in succession to Captain Hort, deceased. Mr. Chadwick was twelve months a prisoner at Moscow, and recently exchanged.

It is intended to remove the examination of the accounts of the Commissariat officers to the department of the War Minister, under whose supervision they will, when the arrangements are complete, be in future audited and passed, instead of by the Commissioners for Auditing the Public Accounts.

The new gigantic steam-ship *Pera*, at Southampton, had a trial trip on Saturday, and her speed, under steam only, was found to be 12½ knots. A number of scientific men were on board, and pronounced her one of the very finest ships afloat.

THE surveying-steamer *Firefly*, which arrived at Woolwich about ten days ago from the Baltic, has been docked for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of damage sustained by the explosion of the Russian infernal machine. Several sheets of her copper are blistered on the spot struck, and some are ripped up. The concussion, as described by the officers of the *Firefly*, was very severe. The damages were principally internal, and repaired at the time by the carpenters of the fleet.

MR. PENROSE JULIAN, an officer in the Commissariat service, has recently introduced a new method of preparing field forage, which, besides its advantage in other respects, is likely to prove of much importance in facilitating the mobilisation of the Army. He mixes up the hay, bruised oats, and bran, or whatever other descriptions of food are considered desirable, in certain proportions, and then subjects the whole mass to so enormous a pressure as to get the ton weight into fifty cubic feet of space. It then becomes so solid that it can be cut like wood by a circular saw into square blocks of a given size without any trouble. Each block contains half a day's ration for a horse, and not only is an immense economy in freight and land transport effected, but, being at once fit for use, it does away with all the waste and inconvenience attendant on the old system.

A NOTICE has been issued by the War Department that the examination for appointments to provisional commissions in the Royal Artillery will commence on Monday, the 21st instant, and that those appointed will be placed under the Director of Artillery Studies at Woolwich. Candidates are to transmit their certificates, &c., to the War Department by the 10th instant; and must, previously to the examination, lodge £5 at Messrs. Cox and Co.'s, the Army agents, towards the expenses of the examination. No candidate will be eligible for the competing examination who does not exhibit a reasonable proficiency in drawing—namely, elementary geometrical drawing, including the use of drawing instruments; and either machinery, architectural engineering, or landscape drawing. The examiners will be appointed by the Secretary of State for the War Department.

A COMPILATION made from the official *Navy List*, published on Tuesday, shows a number amounting to 456 ships and vessels of every denomination comprising the British fleet. Of this force 301 ships and vessels are in commission and employed in various ways, as 131-gun line-of-battle ships down to the 1-gun mortar or gun-boat, and the steam-yacht mounting no armament at all. Ten years ago we only had 233 vessels as a grand total of all classes in commission, and nearly all those were sailing vessels; now the character of the service is so thoroughly changed that nearly all are steamers, and such few sailing vessels as are yet doing duty are being set aside as fast as their terms of commission expire. Thus this week we have that noble three-decker, the *Neptune*, 120, Captain Hutton, laid up in ordinary, to make room for the more modern steam bulwark the *Marlborough*, 131; and so the work of change will progress, until a sailing man-of-war will become as great a novelty in the British fleet at sea as was the steamer at the time of the "venture" of the little *Comet*. It is estimated that we may count upon having this summer, available for the purposes of war, 40 or more line-of-battle ships and heavy frigates of the right class, upwards of 20 corvettes and heavily-armed sloops, and upwards of 170 gun and mortar boats and batteries. The Baltic alone, it is inferred, will have a fleet of nearly 250 pennants over steam, and it is rumoured that Sir Edmund Lyons will be the grand Commissioner-in-Chief. In glancing at the before-given figures, it will strike the reader probably as curious that whereas at the close of hostilities in 1816 there were 3776 Lieutenants on the *Navy List*, we have now, when in the midst of another war, but a total of 1976; of this number 1778 only are represented as on the active list.

THE SURRENDER OF KARS.—I have a few details to add to those I have already given you concerning the capture of Kars. The famine appears to have been very severe before General Williams resolved to capitulate. One account states that 100 men a day were dying of hunger and privation, and that on the 24th an English officer gave 2s. for a rat. The little meat that remained of the slaughtered beasts of burden was reserved for the hospitals, in which the Russians found 3000 sick and wounded. On the 27th the enemy sent a large convoy of provisions into the town. Sentries were placed in all the streets for the protection of the inhabitants. According to all the news (still scanty) that we have yet received, the Russians appear to have behaved well, and even generously. Surgeons, medicines, and other requisites were immediately supplied to the Turkish hospitals. The number of guns taken in Kars is 250, of which 80 are field artillery.—*Letter from Constantinople, Dec. 20.*

WASSAILING; OR, TWELFTH NIGHT.

WASSAIL! wassail! noble master, at the birth of the New Year!
The heir to many teeming hopes and many an anxious fear.
'Tis good to give it welcome with a wise and pleasant mirth,
As we'd hail the heir of this good house the moment of his birth.

The dead year had its sorrows to mingle with its joy,<



THE TWELFTH-NIGHT WASSAIL-BOWL (SEE PRECEDING PAGE)



MR. GORDON CUMMING'S SOUTH AFRICAN ENTERTAINMENT.—VIEW ON THE RIVER LIMPOPO, WITH A HERD OF HIPPOPOTAMI.—PAINTED BY RICHARD LEITCH.

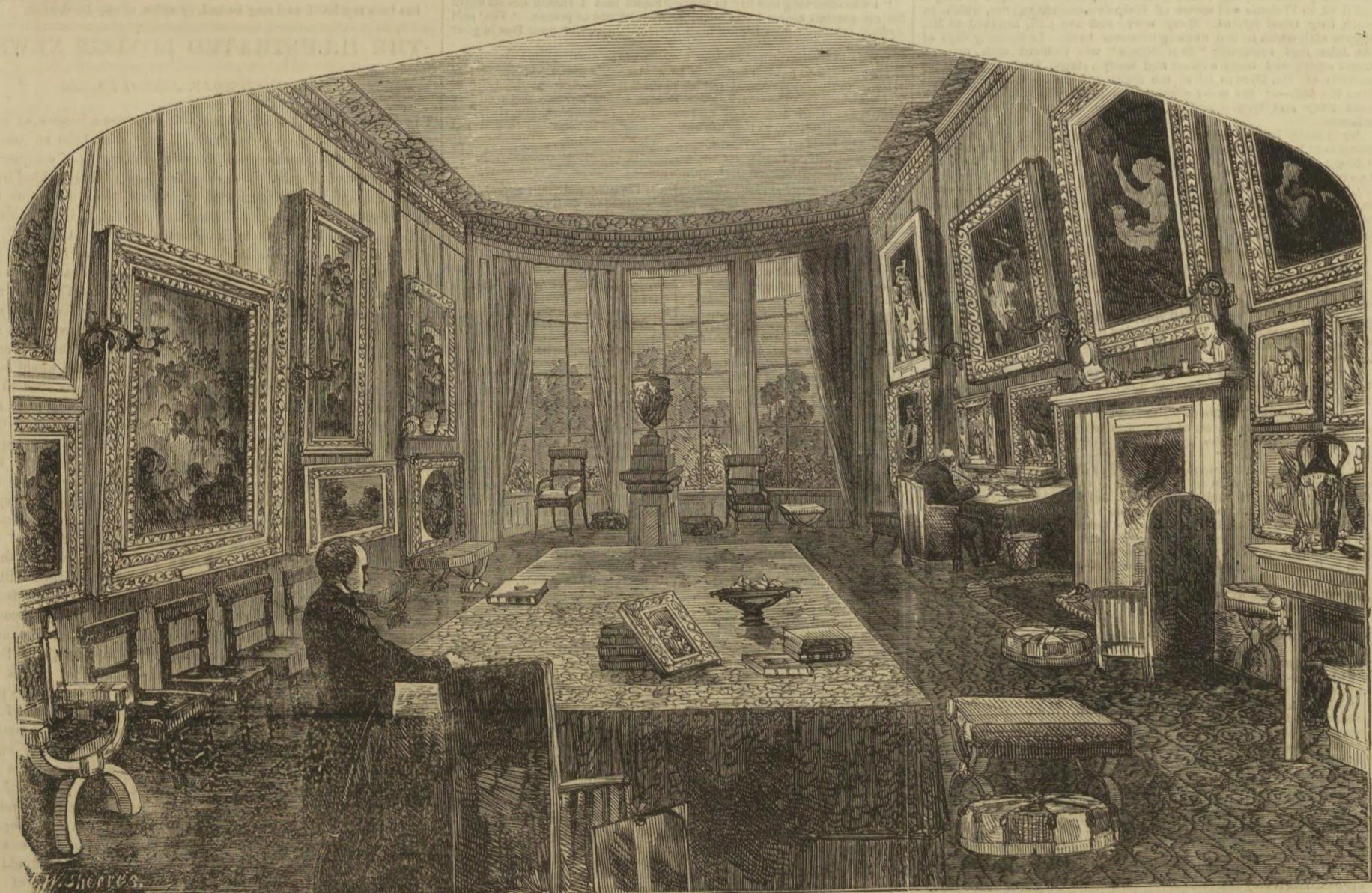
MR. GORDON CUMMING'S SOUTH AFRICAN ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. GORDON CUMMING has added to his collection for the Christmas holidays, two new pictures, illustrative of two of his most exciting hunting adventures in the far interior of South Africa. We have engraved one of these holiday novelties—a view of the river Limpopo, near its junction

with the Lepalalak, with a large herd of hippopotami in the foreground. The picture has been painted by Mr. Richard Leitch, and is a highly-meritorious work. The reader will, we dare say, recollect Lander's description of hippopotami bellowing about his boat; Mr. Cumming's adventures are alike stirring.

Dividing the interest of the pictures with Mr. Cumming's collection, and especially attractive to the holiday visitors, are the hunting trophies,

native arms, and costume. The immense variety of tusks, antlers, horns, bones, skulls, teeth, &c., are interesting to the sportsman, to the naturalist, and to the every-day observer. Each of these represents a select specimen of some fierce and formidable, or shy and wary animal, and most of them were obtained by undergoing extraordinary perils, hardships, and fatigues. The elephant's tusks alone are the finest ivory; their value in the ivory market varies from £40 to £80 each.



BREAKFAST-ROOM IN THE LATE MR. ROGERS'S RESIDENCE ST. JAMES'S-PLACE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE)

THE LATE SAMUEL ROGERS.

(Continued from the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for Dec. 22, 1855.)
Mr. ROGERS had a catholic taste in art, with a sympathy for all schools. Within his bachelor's abode—the house of a man whose income probably never exceeded five thousand pounds a year—were to be seen choice examples of the several Italian schools, of the schools of Flanders, Spain, France, Holland, and his own country. That "Virgin and Child," by Raphael; and that "Noli me Tangere," by Titian, would give reputation to any collection. That "Triumphal Procession," by Rubens, would shine as Rubens at Blenheim or Munich. Then those Rembrants would be additions of moment to the Dutch collections of King George IV., of Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Hope. That "Arcadian Mill," by Claude; and that grand Landscape, by Poussin, would "tell" in the great French collection at the Louvre. If we turn to the English school, we have the "Puck" and the "Strawberry Girl" by Sir Joshua, a choice Richard Wilson, a choice Gainsborough, and "bits!" that will bring high prices, by Wilkie, Turner, Stothard, and Leslie.

In his ninetieth year his memory began to fail him in a manner that was painful to his friends. He was no longer able to relate his shortest stories, or welcome his constant companions with his usual complimentary expressions. He began to forget familiar faces, and at last forgot that he had ever been a poet. It was impossible, however, even when memory had at length deserted the poet who had sung her charms, to look upon him without a feeling of veneration. Faces of other times seemed to crowd over him as he sat, and what that now vacant mind had once known, what those now lifeless eyes had once seen, and what that now faltering tongue could once relate so well, were the thoughts uppermost in the minds of all who knew him. On the morning of the 18th December, 1855, the Tithonus of living English poets was taken from among us. He died in his own house, surrounded by the works of art which his fine taste had brought about him. "He expired," writes Dr. Beattie, the physician who was with him, "at half-past twelve this morning. A more tranquil and placid transition I never beheld. His devoted niece closed his eyes, and his faithful domestics stood weeping round his bed. Some of the attendant circumstances reminded me of the death-bed of Campbell; but this was more calm, solemn, and impressive—quite in keeping with the scene in his 'Human Life.'

His face is said to have been prepossessing in his youth, and the drawing of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence, from which so many engravings have been made, seems to support such belief. His eyes were blue in colour and large, and his nose long. His complexion must always have been pale. His height was about five feet five inches.

As he advanced in years the colour retreated altogether from his face, and the satire of Byron was then true to his appearance. His looks afforded, of course, a fine field for sarcastic comment. Theodore Hook, who was often merciless at his expense, recommended his friends to induce him to abstain from attending Lord Byron's funeral. He stood in danger, he said, of being recognised by the undertaker as a corpse he had screwed down some six weeks before.

Thus eminent by position and genius, his opinion was frequently sought by authors and by artists. He was shy of praise—shy of censure. In an age when almost every poet of any name was a reviewer Rogers was not a reviewer. When in the presence of the painter of any picture, he had constant recourse to the safe and general criticism of Sir Joshua. "Pretty, very pretty," were the words that conveyed satisfaction to the eager ears of many a clever artist.

The critic who annoyed Mr. Rogers in the *Quarterly* was never more in the wrong than when he asserted that his author was a hasty writer. A man of letters and of fortune from his birth, whose literary life extended over sixty years, cannot be called a hasty writer when the produce of his life can be placed with ease in an ordinary pocket volume—for such is the shape his works assume in the latest edition. The fact is that his were hard-bound brains, and not a line he ever wrote was produced at a single sitting. This was well exemplified in a favourite saying of Sidney Smith:—"When Rogers produces a couplet he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied, and straw is laid down, and the caudle is made, and the answer to inquiry is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

Pointed axioms and acute replies fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate. How many smart sayings are assigned to Sheridan and Selwyn, to Jekyll and Rose, to Walpole and others of Walpole's contemporaries, which, in truth, they never uttered. Many were, and are still, assigned to Mr. Rogers with which he had nothing whatever to do. In the early days of the *John Bull* newspaper "Sam Rogers" was fathered with many a smart saying, and many a clever and many a stupid jest. It will be the business of Mr. Dyce to select the genuine from the false—the smart from the dull—of the many sayings attributed to Mr. Rogers. A few most truly and unmistakably his, will not be out of place in these columns.

Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Phillips have both very great merits as painters of female portraits. When Rogers was asked to distinguish their different excellencies, he replied, "Phillips shall paint my wife, and Lawrence my mistress."

Of the late Lord Holland, whose face was full of sunshine, he observed most happily, "Lord Holland always comes down to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune has just fallen." On another occasion he exclaimed (alluding to the same nobleman)—

His was the smile that spoke the mind at ease.

A line, I believe, of his own composing, though not included in his works. He could be severe upon his own friends. Of the same nobleman he observed, "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

In Italy he said, "The memory sees more than the eye."

"I envy no man of my time any saying so much as I envy Lord John Russell that admirable definition of a proverb—"The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

"What a lucky fellow you are," he said to Moore; "surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed."

"I cannot admire Murillo to the extent that is now in fashion. The undignified and ordinary nature of his figures and faces always offends me."

"There are two parties before whom everybody must appear—the Hollands and the Police."

"Lady Holland was always lamenting that she had nothing to do—that she did not know what to be at—or how to employ her time. She was one day worse on this subject than ever, and I could not resist recommending her to 'try a novelty—try and do a little good!'

"When Croker wrote his review in the *Quarterly* of Macaulay's 'History,' he intended murder but committed suicide."

Of Sydney Smith he observed—"Whenever the conversation is getting dull he throws in some touch which makes it rebound and rise again as light as ever. There is this difference between Luttrell and Smith: after Luttrell you remember what good things he said—after Smith you merely remember how much you laughed."

On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had become very deaf—"Tis from want of practice," replied Rogers, "he is the worst listener I know."

"An old gentleman asleep before the fire was awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons at his feet. 'What! going to bed without one kiss?' he exclaimed. He mistook one noise for another."

"When Dean M. observed in my hearing that he should read no more prose translations from poets,—"What!" I exclaimed, 'not the Psalms of David to your congregation?'"

"That was a happy reply of Sydney Smith. When I began to light my dinner table from the reflection on the pictures about me I was not very successful. The light was thrown above the table and not on it. I asked Sydney what he thought of the attempt. We were at dinner at the time. 'I do not like it at all,' was his reply; 'all is light above, and all below is darkness and gnashing of teeth!'"

"I was pleased with what I saw you about this morning," he observed once at Broadstairs to an artist, who naturally expected from such a commencement some reference to the labours of his pencil; "I was greatly pleased: I saw you brushing your own coat. A gentleman who can brush his own coat is very independent."

"Sir Wal...ott told me this story, and, as I copied it down soon after, I will read the story to you—

There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place do what I would, till at length I observed that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my

eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place, nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him, and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking. This, the writer of these imperfect memoranda once observed to him, was hardly original. "Ah!" he exclaimed, *eventually* surprised, and with an air of doubt. I then asked for a copy of the *Spectator*, and read as follows:—

When I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking. The wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest.

He made a mark in the volume, and said, with a smile, "I will say what Sydney Smith always said when he heard a good thing for the first time—'booked.'"

Sheridan told me that he was aware he ought to have made a love-scene between *Charles* and *Maria* in the "School for Scandal," and would have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do justice to such a scene."

"I met Sheridan very often, but never in his own house."

"J. T. Smith told me that the little landscape by Claude hanging near the Puck, for which I gave at West's sale 200 guineas, was bought by West at an old-iron shop for ten shillings and sixpence."

"When I knew Mr. Fox first, he was living in Albemarle-street—on the left hand as you go up—a little way up."

"Whenever Lady Holland hears that a person of any consequence has said an ill word of her she immediately invites him to dinner."

"Mr. West told me that Beckford called upon him before he went to Spain to borrow two small pictures to take in his carriage with him wherever he went, and that the two pictures he selected were the little octagon 'Claude' you see there, and the 'Domenichino,' at the end of the room."

"Campbell wrote to Sir Robert Peel, asking for the Laureateship, and Campbell was angry, not unnaturally, that he got no answer. But Peel, I say, did give him an answer (with a sneer), he helped to bear the pall at his funeral."

"Lord Holland came to Lord Lansdowne a short time before his death and showed him the epitaph he had written on himself. It ran in this way, 'Here lies Henry Vassall Fox, Lord Holland,' with all his titles, 'who was drowned sitting in his elbow-chair.' This was in some degree true. He died of water in the chest."

"Lord Holland read to me his character of Sheridan. The wind-up I particularly remember—'He died with great Christian resignation, joining fervently in the prayers that were read to him when the sacrament was administered.' Now I asked Howley, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, what Sheridan's end was like; 'He was insensible,' said Howley. 'Mrs. Sheridan put his hands together in the attitude of supplication, and I read the prayers.'

"There is a couplet in Cowper which I admire exceedingly:—

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

When I am at Fine Art's Commissions, where good paper and pens abound, I copy out these lines for the people who trouble me for my autograph.—'How much he improves,' was the remark of one who mistook them for mine. These lines, (and they are very good)

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavour, not endure
To imitate as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power employs
In making others happy!

I transcribe in the same manner."

"Lady Holland, who was always inquisitive, was particularly anxious to have Sir Philip Francis asked if he was Junius. She would not ask him herself, and it fell, I know not how, to my lot to ask him. I asked the question, and met with this brief answer:—"Ask that again, Sir, at your peril!" This was enough. Next time I saw Lady Holland she asked, 'What success—is Francis Junius?' To which I replied, 'I don't know whether he is Junius, but I know he is Brutus.'"

"I was observing one day to Sydney Smith that I should not sit again for my portrait unless I was taken in an attitude of prayer. 'Yes,' said Sydney, who was even readier than Luttrell—"yes, with your face in your hat!"

"Here is Hallam, who has spent a whole life in contradicting everybody, is now obliged to publish a volume to contradict himself." [Mr. Rogers referred to the supplemental volume to the "Middle Ages."]

"I have said that the verses on Mr. Rogers, which Byron "threw off" in a bitter mood, are very severe, and not in parts untrue. I will, therefore, now transcribe them, as they are not included in Byron's works, and but very little known:—

LORD BYRON'S VERSES ON MR. ROGERS, IN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

QUESTION.

Nose and chin would shame a knocker; Save the liver, and that's rotten;
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker; Skin all sail, flesh all sodden—
Mouth which marks the envious Form the Devil would frighten God in.
scorer, Is't a corpse stuck up for show,
With a scorpion in each corner, Galvanised at times to go!
Turning its quick tail to sting you With the Scripture in connexion,
In the place that most may wring you; New proof of the resurrection!
Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy; Vampyre, ghost, or ghoul, what is it?
Carcass pick'd out from some mummy; Bowels (but they were forgotten, I would walk ten miles to miss it.

ANSWER.

Many passengers arrest one, Darting on the opportunity
To demand the same free question. When to do it with impunity:
Shorter's my reply, and franker— You are neither—then he'll fatter
That's the Bard, the Beau, the Banker. Till he finds some trait for satire;
Yet if you could bring about, Hunts your weak point out, then shows it
With a scorpion in each corner, Where it injures to disclose it,
Turning its quick tail to sting you In the mode that's most invidious,
Satan's self would seem less sooty, Adding every trait that's hideous,
And his present aspect—Beauty. From the bile, whose blackening river,
Mark that (as he masks the bilious Rushes through his Stygian liver,
Air, so softly supercilious) Almost sickened to servility;
Chastened bow, and much humility, Hear his tone (which is to talking;
That which creeping is to walking;
Now on all-fours, now on tiptoe);
Hear the tales he lends his lip to;
Little hints of heavy scandals;
All which women, or which men do,
Glares forth in an innuendo,
Clothed in odds and ends of humour,
Herald of each paltry rumour,
From divorces, down to dresses,
Women's frailties, men's excesses,
All which life presents of evil
Make for him a constant revel.
You're his foe—for that he fears you,
And in absence blasts and sears you;
Herald of each paltry rumour,
From divorces, down to dresses,
Women's frailties, men's excesses,
All which life presents of evil
Make for him a constant revel.
You're his friend—for that he hates
you,

For his merits, would you know 'em?
First coresses, and then baits you;

For his merits, would you know 'em?
Once he wrote a pretty Poem.

What he thought of these verses I never heard. He was silent about them, while he would turn with satisfaction to the following entry in the diary of Sir Walter Scott:—"At parting [they were at Holland House together] Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like S. R., and have always found him most friendly."

The eldest brother of Mr. Rogers was, we are now informed on the very best authority, not Mr. Henry Rogers, as stated in our memoir, but Mr. Daniel Rogers, who resided on his estate in Worcestershire, called "Wasel-grove," where he died about twenty-six years since. Miss Martha Rogers, who closed the poet's eyes, is the daughter of Mr. Daniel Rogers.

On Thursday, the 27th of December, the remains of the poet whose position and talents have induced me to preserve these brief memorials in the diary of Sir Walter Scott:—"At parting [they were at Holland House together] Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like S. R., and have always found him most friendly."

The public has often been deluded with a semblance of cheapness when the reality itself was absent; but sounder notions have,

loved, "worth all the fine writing he was wont to say that the world ever produced," will not unfitly conclude this notice:—

A GRAVE BENEATH A TREE.

When my soul flies to the first great Giver,
Friends of the Bard, let my dwelling be
By the green bank of that rippling river,
Under the shade of yon tall beech-tree.
Bur y me there, ye lovers of song,
When the prayers for the dead are spoken,
With my hands on my breast,
Like a child at rest,
And my lyre in the grave unbroken.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Jan. 6.—Twelfth-Day. Epiphany.

MONDAY, 7.—Fenelon died, 1715.

TUESDAY, 8.—St. Lucian. Fire Insurance due.

WEDNESDAY, 9.—Archbishop Laud beheaded, 1645.

THURSDAY, 10.—James Watt born, 1736.

FRIDAY, 11.—Hilary Term begins.

SATURDAY, 12.—Cambridge Term begins.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE,
FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 12, 1856.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
0 25	0 50	1 15	1 40	2 5	2 25	2 50

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fortunately, begun to take root. The lowest-priced calicoes of the Manchester manufacturers are not the cheapest. This fact is well understood in many foreign markets where English fabrics were formerly in high repute, but where, in consequence of the "devil's dust" which Manchester men, over hasty to grow rich, have too largely intermingled with the genuine fabric, they now bear a character that will drive them out of commerce unless they reform the evil before it be too late. Nothing is cheap that is bad. The smallest price is cent per cent too large for an article that is pernicious or unserviceable. Whatever may be the moral or political worth of the penny papers of America, we have only to look at one of the penny papers in this country produced by the Act of last Session, and to compare it with the *Times* at fourpence, to be convinced that the *Times* is infinitely the cheaper of the two. The objects of those who undertook to procure a change in the law were purely spiteful. The old press supported the Manchester school of politicians when they advocated the repeal of the Corn-laws. The success that attended them would not have rewarded their efforts had the press been against them. Unluckily for their own reputation, the Manchester politicians were spoiled by the importance into which the press had hoisted them. They expected independent journals to be on their side when they were in the wrong—to support them on all occasions as the only representatives of the popular will and the popular wisdom, and to shout in their wake wherever they went and whatever they said. But they were egregiously out in their reckoning, and so annoyed at their mistake, that Mr. Cobden came to the conclusion, after much cogitation on the subject, that the proper function of the press was to report speeches—Mr. Cobden *verbatim*—and to refrain from expressing any opinions of their own. The greater the number of blunders made by this class of public men, and the more these blunders were exposed by the press, the stronger became their determination to punish the old newspapers by the substitution of a new press that would ruin them by the competition of ultra cheapness. The attempt was made and signally failed. The old press stands more firmly than ever in public estimation; and the new press, after a short and spasmodic existence, is fast dying away, leaving no trace behind it. This result was not foreseen by any one. The conductors of the established press anticipated it as little as any other persons, and reaped unexpected benefit from the blow that was intended to destroy them. On merely commercial grounds it would ill become the existing journals to express any exultation; but for political and social reasons, and for the character of the press and the people, we think it matter of rejoicing that the press of England has not been debased and vulgarised by the change in the law; but that it stands where it stood before—at the very head of Literature—free, honest, able, and incorruptible. It has its faults and defects, like all things human; but with them and in spite of them, it is the shield of British liberty, the champion of right and justice; sees further ahead than many statesmen and legislators who admire even while they hate it; and is a shining light to the nations amid the political darkness that enshrouds the rest of Europe.

It is an ancient and wise maxim in political government that the State should provide for its own servants, and that those servants should provide for their own families. Ministers of the Crown, functionaries employed in the diplomatic service and in the judicial departments, officers in the Army and Navy, even artisans and mechanics in the Royal dockyards, after a certain period of service retire upon pensions; but are never required to contribute one farthing to any superannuation fund. The same rule used to apply to the clerks in the Government offices, who are collectively described as the "civil servants of the Crown;" but a Treasury Minute, dated the 4th August, 1829, and the 27th section of the Act 4 and 5 William IV., c. 24, directed "abatement of salaries to be made for the purpose of reducing prospectively the charge incurred in providing for superannuation allowances." To effect this object the civil servants of the Crown were divided into two classes—one including all who had entered the service prior to the 4th August, 1829; the other embracing those who joined after that date. The former still receive their salaries in full without any abatement, except for income-tax; the latter not only pay income-tax, but five per cent on their salaries if they exceed £100 per annum, and two-and-a-half per cent if the salary is below £100. Neither class can claim retirement as a right, nor are they entitled to retire from the service on superannuation under sixty-five years of age, unless incapacitated in mind or body to discharge their duties. The first class may retire, if so incapacitated, after ten years' service, upon a pension equal to four-twelfths of salary; but under similar circumstances the second class only receive three-twelfths. The first class are entitled to an additional amount of pension equal to one-twelfth of salary for every five years' service; but to enjoy the same privilege, the second class must serve for seven years. After fifty years' service the first class receive a pension equal to the full amount of salary; but the second class cannot, under any circumstances, receive more than two-thirds of the amount of salary, whatever may be the length of service.

The total number of persons in the civil service of the Crown amounts to 16,353. Taking the whole body, the average salary of each is £141; but two-thirds of them only receive £86. These rewards certainly do not invite talent, and the smallness of the pay may to some extent explain why private firms are better served than Government. It appears from a Parliamentary return, printed in 1832, that the average salary paid to the officials of the Bank of England amounted to £225 each, while 193 pensioners enjoyed £161 each. The contrast is striking.

Since the Treasury Minute of 1829 was passed, to which we have referred, a diminution has been made in salaries of £282,272, but we may question the wisdom of an economy which cuts down the reward of those already underpaid, for cheapness and efficiency are never identified. From 1829 to 1853, when the last calculations were made, the aggregate abatement from salaries amounted to no less a sum than £568,000. Had it been invested as a fund, at three per cent compound interest, it would now have amounted to about £700,000, yielding an interest at three per cent of £21,000.

What has been the amount of superannuations paid to those persons who have contributed through abatement on their salaries? About £8000 a year only, or not one-half of the annual interest on the aggregate capital which ought by this time to have accumulated.

At present the clerks pay into the Exchequer £55,000 annually, and it is estimated that, in 1873, they will pay £74,000 annually, as the exempted first class are gradually dying off, and all who replace them under the new system must contribute. In 1873 the fund ought to swell up to two millions and a half when the interest will be £75,000.

The Act of 1834 reduced the superannuation allowance to one-half. The old retiring pension was £153; therefore the new is only £76 10s.

The contributors ask, and the public also have a right to ask where is the fund which ought to have accrued from the abatements on salaries? We do not affirm that it has no existence, but that is a very general opinion. Recollecting the history of sinking funds, it would be gratifying to be officially assured that the money already paid has a visible and tangible existence. Is it deposited in Consols? or is it an illusion?

It appears that a vast majority of those who contribute have petitioned Government to change the system, so that the assessments levied on their salaries may be converted into a "Civil Service Provident Fund," or secured on the principle of life assurance. If a clerk now dies in active service—that is to say before he is sixty-five years of age—the whole of his contributions is lost to his family. Under the plan now proposed by the civil servants of the Crown, each of its members would be able to make a certain provision for his widow and children, as is the case by the rules observed in the Bank of England and the East India Company.

THE REVENUE.

An Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of the United Kingdom, for the Year and Quarter ended December 31, 1855—showing the Increase or Decrease thereof.

	The YEAR ended Dec. 31, 1855.			The QUARTER ended Dec. 31, 1855.		
	Net Revenue	Increase	Decrease	Net Revenue	Increase	Decrease
	£	£	£	£	£	£
Customs ...	21,291,712	609,283	...	5,384,461	...	315,506
Excise ...	16,763,535	861,771	...	4,444,726	53,144	...
Stamps ...	6,993,148	4,361	...	1,695,369	...	91,400
Taxes ...	2,967,742	...	60,642	1,323,114	52,706	...
Property-tax ...	13,881,114	6,517,526	...	1,260,942	484,353	...
Post-office ...	1,174,219	...	133,015	293,272	16,038	...
Crown Lands ...	280,516	8,944	...	85,000	5,000	...
Miscellaneous ...	1,103,007	325,168	...	345,317	167,140	...
Totals ...	64,457,993	8,327,053	193,657	14,832,201	728,381	406,906
	£8,133,396			£321,475		
	Net Increase.			Net Increase.		

THE COURT.

The Queen has been receiving company during the past week at Windsor Castle. Yesterday evening, after a banquet—at which the Duchess of Kent, the Belgian Minister and Madame Van de Weyer, of Clarendon, and other distinguished guests, were present—Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) attended and sang several favourite mezzoceaux.

On Saturday the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred came to London and attended Mr. Faraday's lecture at the Royal Institution. On the same day Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, had an audience of her Majesty.

On New-Year's-day the band of the 2nd Life Guards assembled on the East Terrace at seven o'clock, and performed a selection of favourite airs. Her Majesty's annual distribution of food and clothing, to upwards of 600 poor persons of the Windsor and Clewer parishes, took place in the Riding-house of the Castle.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred went to London on Tuesday, and visited the Duchess of Gloucester, at Gloucester House. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards attended Mr. Faraday's lecture at the Royal Institution.

Sir George Grey was sufficiently recovered from the effects of his recent severe accident, while hunting in Berkshire, to attend at the Home-office on Wednesday.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE HIGHFIELD HOUSE OBSERVATORY, NEAR NOTTINGHAM, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 1, 1856.

Month and Day.	Corrected Reading of Barometer at 9 A.M. 181 feet above sea level.	Thermometer.		Rain in Inches.	Mean Temperature of Read at the Day.	Mean Temperature of 10 P.M.	Amount of Ozone (0-10)	Mean amount of Cloud (0-10)
		Highest Reading.	Lowest Reading.					
Dec. 26	28.922	80°	38°	45°8	0.07	45°4	9°	9½
" 27	29.300	47°5	40°2	44°0	0.04	42°4	42°2	2
" 28	29.439	50°8	41°5	46°8	0.00	44°2	43°4	1
" 29	29.718	50°0	37°6	44°6	0.00	43°7	42°9	8
" 30	29.903	47°8	37°2	41°9	0.00	38°9	39°4	10
" 31	30.044	46°3	33°2	38°4	0.00	36°0	37°3	10
Jan. 1	29.774	40°6	31°2	37°8	0.02	39°1	37°1	1
Mean	29.586	47°6	37°1	42°8	0.13	41°4	30°9	4½

The range of temperature during the week was 19°6.

The weather dull, with occasional light rain, mild.

The direction of the wind was S.E. and S. till 6 p.m. on 26th, then became S.W.; was W.S.W. at 8 a.m. on 27th, and S. at 10 a.m. on 27th, in which quarter it remained, till 12 a.m. of 29th, when S.W. becoming S.S.W. at 8 a.m., changing to W.S.W. at 1h. 30m. a.m. on 30th; was S.W. at 2 a.m., S.S.W. at 3 a.m., S. at 9 a.m., S.S.W. at 10 a.m., S.W. at 11 a.m., W.S.W. at noon, S.W. at 3 p.m., S.S.W. at 4h. 45m. p.m. (of 30th), becoming, on the 31st, S. at 3 a.m., S.S.E. at 5h. 45m. a.m., S. at 6 a.m., S.S.E. at 3 p.m., and S.E. at 4 p.m., changing to E.S.E. at 4h. 45m. a.m. (Jan. 1), and again to S.E. at 7h. 30m. a.m. in which quarter it remained.

E. J. LOWE.

For the month of December the mean reading of the barometer at the level of the sea was 29.933 inches, and the range was 1.173 inch. The highest reading of the thermometer by day during the month was 58°, on the 28th; and the lowest by night was 18°, on the 22nd; the range of temperature during the month was therefore 40°. The mean of all the highest by day was 41°, and of all the lowest by night was 29°6; the mean daily range of temperature during the month was therefore 11°4. The mean temperature of the month was 36°—being 3° below the average of the corresponding month during 38 years. The mean temperature of evaporation for the month was 34°. The mean temperature of the dew point was 32°1°. The mean degree of humidity was 87 (complete saturation being represented by 100). And the fall of rain during the month was 1.1 inch (one inch and a tenth).

The instruments by which this series of observations have been taken are as follows:—

The barometer is a standard made by Barrow, its diameter of tube is a little more than three-tenths of an inch; specific gravity of the mercury, 13.5.

The thermometer for highest temperature is Negretti and Zambra's patent maximum. That for lowest temperature is one of Rutherford's construction, made by Negretti and Zambra.

The dry and wet bulb thermometers were made by Negretti and Zambra.

All these instruments were compared with standards before use, and all necessary corrections have been applied in the reduction of the observations.

All observations have been checked by others simultaneously made in different parts of London, and the results may be considered to represent those of London just beyond the immediate influence of the river Thames.

JAMES GLAISHER.

COUNTRY NEWS.

A PEACE SOIREE.—A soirée is to be given to Messrs. Gibson and Bright, the members for Manchester, on the eve of the meeting of Parliament. The preliminaries were agreed upon at a private meeting in the Old League Rooms, Manchester, on Saturday last. The soirée is to be held in the Corn Exchange, and Mr. George Wilson will preside.

CAPTURE OF A WILD CAT.—On Friday week a man caught, in a wood on Kirkennan Hill, parish of Buitle, a fine live specimen of that nearly extinct class of the savage creatures of Scotland—a wild cat. It had been driven by hunger and the inclemency of the weather from its native retreats into a baited trap. It is of a bluish grey colour, stands high, and measures three feet in length from the nose to the tip of the tail.—*Scotsman*.

REFORMATORY SCHOOL FOR NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A committee, consisting of Earl Grey, Mr. J. H. Hinde, Mr. R. Carr, and Mr. J. H. H. Atkinson, appointed at the meeting of Justices of the Peace for Northumberland, at the October Quarter Sessions, recommend that an efficient reformatory school for the two counties and Newcastle should be established as soon as possible, and that a suitable building should be provided for the purpose in some situation removed from a large town, and that the justices might make a contribution towards it from the fund at the disposal of the Court, arising from Justices' wages, which amounts to £155 1s. 10d. The committee further suggest "that the Court might with propriety express their opinion to her Majesty's Government that provision ought to be made by law for establishing and maintaining such institutions, and might also petition Parliament to pass an Act for that purpose."

REDUCTION OF THE DUBLIN POLICE MAGISTRACY.—Government has made arrangements for reducing the number of police magistrates in Dublin from seven—their present number—to five. It is stated that a still further reduction is contemplated, and that there will be but one police-court instead of three.

DISTURBED STATE OF KING'S COUNTY.—The local journal of King's County has accounts of three outrages of a Ribbon character perpetrated in its district within the past few days. They consist of a threatening notice, a case of waylaying and beating, and a serious assault. A respectable English gentleman, named Sills, of Ballyboy, near Frankford, who has been giving extensive employment, has received a notice threatening him with personal consequences if he continue to discard from his employment a man whom he found it necessary to discharge; also a man named Condron, in the same vicinity, has been warned, by a letter, that his life will be attempted if he should dare to become tenant of some land adjoining his own, from which a few others are about to be evicted.

REACTION OF THE IRISH EXODUS.—The Exodus is coming back Vast numbers of our nomadic tribes to whom we thought old Ireland had bidden a final adieu are dropping homewards, and asking about "the cabin door, close by the wild wood," with a strong feeling of the immortality of tenant right. Politicians may be disposed to regard this as the advance-guard of the projected invasion, but, if they are connected in any way with the promoters of that scheme, we should say that they belong to the commissariat—for they come unarmed. No revolvers, no bowie-knives, no pitchforks, no nothing. But they bring dollars, and, like the Earl of Richmond, go at once "into the bowels of the land;" their first inquiries being about potato-soil, and the probability of obtaining manure for the next year's crop. Some are even so provident as to have written over from the States to bespeak seaweed and guano, to be deposited against the time of their arrival in the locality where they purpose to commence operations. The most probable solution, therefore, of this turn of the tide is, that the soundness of last year's potato crop has revived a faith in the old soil, and that these poor people are coming back in a full belief in the restitution of things to the *status quo*.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

A NEWSPAPER WAR IN LIVERPOOL.—The *Liverpool Mercury*, one of the oldest-established newspapers in the country, and which is now published tri-weekly, announces a reduction in price from three-halfpence to penny. It is understood that this reduction in price is intended to wage war with the *Daily Post*, the only penny paper now remaining in Liverpool; and, from all that can be gathered, the competition will be fierce, if not lasting. It is said that the conductors of the *Mercury* do not pretend to deny that the present reduction will entail upon them a severe loss so long as the competition continues, but that their object is to compel the *Daily Post* to advance its price to what they deem to be a reasonable standard; and that, in order to enforce compliance, they are prepared to sacrifice an enormous sum of money in the struggle; whilst the conductors of the *Post* express full confidence in the success of the penny system, and are, so far, unwilling to advance.—*Letter from Liverpool in the Globe*.

DECLINE OF HAND-LOOM WEAVING.—The latest enumeration taken by the trade last autumn, gave only some 2400 weavers in Paisley, actually 500 less than the return of the trade six months previously. Since the autumn return



"THE JORDAN" EPIPHANY CUSTOM AT ST. PETERSBURG.—SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.]

GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

In a few days this gallant officer leaves England on his return to the Crimea, where his brave Highlanders will joyfully welcome their beloved chief, who has so often led them to victory. To give even a sketch of Sir Colin Campbell's military career would be to pass in review some of the most glorious events in the military annals of Great Britain. In every part of the globe where British valour has earned renown we find the gallant Scot in the van. In the Peninsula Sir Colin served in the 9th Regiment and was present at Vimiera; in the advance and retreat of the army under Sir John Moore, at Corunna; at Barrosa; and at Tarifa. At the celebrated siege of St. Sebastian he received two severe wounds; and was again severely wounded at the passage of the Bidassoa. He was attached to the army of Ballesteros at the latter end of 1812, and was sent on the expedition to relieve Tarragona. In 1814-15 we find him in the 60th Rifles, serving in America. In 1823 he acted as Brigade-Major of the troops engaged in quelling the insurrection in Demerara. In 1842 he commanded the 99th Regiment in the expedition to China, and was present at the capture of Chinkianfoo and the subsequent operations near Nankin. He commanded the Third Division of the army of the Punjab throughout the campaign of 1848-49, including the battle of Rammuggur, the passage of the Chenab, the affair of Savoolapore, the battle of Chillianwallah (where he was wounded), Goojerat, and the final operations. He was constantly employed in 1851 and 1852, when Brigadier-General commanding the Peshawur districts, in operations against the Hill tribes surrounding the valley, including the forcing of the Kohat pass under Sir Charles Napier; and repeated affairs with the Moons, who finally made terms after their defeat at Punj Pao by a small detachment of cavalry and horse-artillery under Sir Colin Campbell's immediate command—the combined tribes numbering upwards of 8000 men. In 1852 he commanded an expedition against the Ootmankail and Ranazai tribes, whom he attacked in their valleys, and destroyed the strongly-defended village of Nowadund and the fortified village of Pranghur; and he finally routed them with great slaughter at Iskakote, where they mustered 8000 men, while the force under Sir Colin was under 3000 men. For these and subsequent distinguished services Sir Colin received the war medal with five clasps, the Chinese medal, the Punjab medal with two clasps; and after the Punjab campaign he was made a K.C.B., and recently a G.C.B.

Forty-seven years' active service in the field has in no manner dimmed the energies of this distinguished soldier; and in the list of the many brave men whose names are engraven on their country's memory for their services against the oppressor of Europe, that of Sir Colin Campbell holds a prominent place.

In nearly every battle in the Crimea Sir Colin Campbell's brigade has been engaged.

On the 20th of September, 1854, was fought the ever-memorable battle of the Alma. It will be remembered how the First Division, composed of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards, with the Highland Brigade, consisting of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Regiments, crossed the river to support the Light Division, and, with fixed bayonets, charged the Russians who were advancing; and how, when the latter heard the English cheer, and the fierce yell of the Highlanders, they turned and fled. Then ensued that noble struggle of emulation between Guards and Highlanders as to who should be first in the Russian redoubt—Sir Colin, at the head of the latter, far in advance of his men, shouting, "We'll have none but Highland bonnets here!" It was this splendid charge which decided the day.

The battle of the Alma gave a prestige to the English arms which proved of the highest service in a later portion of the campaign. In a moment of enthusiasm Canrobert exclaimed, "All I ask of fortune now is, that I might command a corps of English troops for three short weeks; I should then die happy!"

On the 25th October, at the battle of Balaclava, when the Turks abandoned the redoubts and the Russian cavalry dashed onwards, confident of success, towards Balaclava, the 93rd Highlanders, under Sir Colin Campbell, formed to meet them. On came the Russian horse, thinking to ride down that gallant regiment. The 93rd awaited the shock in line, disdaining to



GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, G.C.B.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

compliments awaited him in his native land. It having been presumed that a dissolution of Parliament was likely to take place, a letter was addressed to the gallant General by a large number of the constituents of Glasgow, expressing the wish that he would come forward as a candidate for that ancient city. The General's reply is characteristic of the man. Since the age of fifteen, he said, he had devoted his best energies to the profession of a soldier, and had therefore had no time to give to the consideration of those subjects in which the prosperity of so great a commercial city as Glasgow is concerned. Feeling that he could not do justice to the position which he might obtain through the good opinion of the electors, he purposed, as long as it pleased the Almighty to give him health and strength, to persevere in a profession to which he was ardently attached and devoted.

The Highlanders in Glasgow have presented to their gallant countryman a gold-mounted Snuff-horn and a gold Cuach, or Drinking Cup; and a subscription of all the citizens has been opened to present him with a sword of honour. The sword will be a Highland basket-hilted dress one, of the value of £200. But more satisfactory than these testimonials of respect and esteem on the part of his countrymen, however flattering they are, is that conscience of the brave and upright soldier who knows that he has ably done his duty to his Queen and his country, and who has the satisfaction also of knowing that, when he is once more at the head of his brave troops, fighting the cause of justice against oppression, thousand of miles distant from his native land, there is not one man that does not own that where Sir Colin Campbell commands, there at least "the right man is in the right place."

By direction of her Majesty, General Sir Colin Campbell has sat to Mr. Mayall, the eminent artist of Argyll-place, Regent-street, for a photographic portrait in the General's undress uniform; and Mr. Mayall has succeeded in producing a fine and very characteristic likeness. The portrait has a peculiar interest from the fact of the General having hitherto resisted all applications to sit to an artist. By the graciously-accorded permission of her Majesty we are enabled to present the accompanying Engraving from Mr. Mayall's photograph.

We understand that a portrait of Sir Colin Campbell, by Mr. Roger Fenton, has just been added to his Exhibition of Photographic Pictures of the Seat of War in the Crimea, at 13, Pall Mall.

THE RIGHT SIEGE-TRAIN,
THE MORNING AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

THE scene here represented by our Artist in the Crimea, is the right siege-train in front of the commissariat stores at Inkerman, as it appeared on the morning of the 16th November. It was on the afternoon of the previous day, about half-past three o'clock, that the terrible explosion took place. As soon as the first alarm was over, when it had been ascertained that the Windmill itself, which forms our main magazine in that part of the Camp, and contains some hundred and eighty tons of powder, had escaped, General Straubenzee, who commands the brigade, hurried up to the tents of the 7th Fusiliers, and asked if any of the men would volunteer to mount the wall of the mill, and cover the roof with wet tarpaulins and blankets as a protection against the thickly-flying sparks and burning wood. The concussion had literally thrown the roof off the old building, leaving it in the very centre of the spreading flames, exposed every minute to a thousand chances of instantaneous destruction. Hardly anything could exceed the danger attending such a labour as the General proposed; but, notwithstanding, Lieut. Hope (senior) and twenty-five men at once responded to the Brigadier's appeal and proceeded to the powder-crammed building. A sergeant and some men of the Rifles, with a party of the 34th Regiment, were induced to accompany them; and, within ten minutes from the first great blow-up Mr. Hope was on the walls of the mill piling the wet coverings over the exposed powder-boxes—exploding shells and burning wood flying through the air in perfect storms the while. Whilst the officer and some half-dozen of the men were thus employed, the remainder carried water to throw upon the blankets and the bare rafters of the mill, and in little more than half an hour this vast pile of powder was as well protected from the thickly-flying sparks and rockets as it could be, short of entire removal from the scene of the conflagration.



THE MORNING AFTER THE EXPLOSION AT INKERMAN MILL.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE grand military spectacle with which the Emperor of the French has been delighting Paris recalls historical associations of the utmost interest, but it also does something better. It elicits a well-timed and valuable contradiction to the rumours so sedulously spread about by the tools of Russia, to the effect that France is less hearty in the prosecution of the war than England. The enthusiasm which greeted these noble troops, from whose ranks there was no keeping back the people, eager to embrace and to congratulate, is the best answer to the wily suggestions which the hired scribes of the Court of St. Petersburg continue to put forth. The heart of France beats as warmly as that of England for the great object before both nations; and if it be true that the magnificent pecuniary resources of England are more easily developed, in the hour of need, than those of her ally, owing to our improved commercial and financial machinery, the merit of France is the greater that she submits, not only cheerfully but gladly, to the inconveniences incident to an incomplete, but gradually-advancing system. Russia may be well assured that it is not a financial question that will cause France to turn aside from the path of honour, and though it may suit the policy of the Russian party abroad and at home to affect to foresee for our ally difficulties which already exist, in a frightfully multiplied degree, in Russia herself, the authorities in France see no cause for the slightest apprehension, and Europe generally attributes the inventions in question to their proper source. Even the gold which at present hires German princes and German newspapers, may ere long, petty as the sufficing price is, be wanted at St. Petersburg for more essential objects. A Government that finds or thinks it necessary to help itself before Europe, by purchasing the puffs of the mendacious American who has just eclipsed Barnum and amused the Allies, must be in a perilously unhealthy condition. We know that Russia is advancing to insolvency and misery, and each successive spasm of effort she makes, and each needless piece of insolence she displays, are unmistakable symptoms in the eyes of those who are steadily watching her. It need not be supposed that the cessation of actual fighting is a cessation of the ruinous damage she is receiving. In another sense than that of the poet, "peace has her victories;" and, though hostilities are postponed, the internal condition of semi-barbarous Russia daily becomes more disastrous; while the Allies have, as yet, scarcely had to call upon the elastic systems of civilised communities for an unusual effort. We should like to know what is thought in St. Petersburg, of the Financial Statement with which England closes the year, and in which the war is thrown into the bill with the composure of those who know they have the means to deal with such an item. We, too, should like to see as near an approach to a balance-sheet from Russia as a corrupt bureaucracy can furnish. It would be strangely suggestive, even if drawn up by a Yankee Munchausen.

The only complaint which can be urged against Admiral Dundas is, that he has done next to nothing during the second expedition of the most noble fleet that ever went forth from a harbour. The great pyrotechnic display at Sveaborg was a praiseworthy demonstration, as far as it went; and, no doubt, if the Russians had come out to fight, they would have been crushed by the terrible war-ships—now, we are happy to recollect, safe at Portsmouth. The Admiral's friends will, of course, say for him that he did all he could, and that he had no gun-boats which could enable him to close with the enemy. The plea is perfectly valid; but, somehow, we have been accustomed to read of Admirals who did not want pleas made for them, and who went in and did their work—doubtless, in a rough-and-tumble manner, and with scrambling, shouting, and swearing, highly offensive to a genteel officer; but, on the other hand, the enemy's forts were knocked to pieces, and the enemy's ships set blazing or sent to the bottom. We have no right to find fault with our careful and genteel commanders, who never do anything that cannot be justified in the most Parliamentary manner; and we can only repeat that, as it is to the British Navy that we all look for the glories of 1856, we do not regret that the cautious Dundas, who succeeded the cautious Napier, hauls down his flag; and we do not greatly desire to hear that his successor is another officer highly distinguished for his extreme—prudence.

The Senate of Sewers, duly elected by the parishes, and having itself elected a chairman, Mr. Thwaites, has met for business, and seems likely to conduct itself in a business-like fashion. The chairman remembering that many of his constituents were vestry favourites deemed it expedient to remind them that they did not assemble for specification, but for work, that they had better not indulge in garrulous small talk, but speak once, and without popular allusions; and his hints were not unfavourably received. Among the matters with which the assembly has to deal are the drainage of the whole metropolis and the purification of the Thames. They have ample powers, and the public has a right to expect that, as the chairman said, these gentlemen will, while exercising economy, deal with subjects in a bold and comprehensive manner. It is not discourteous, at this stage of their official history, to express a hope that the press, which does incalculable mischief by jotting down every word that falls from every man, wise or silly, will condense their reports of these meetings in such a way that a speaker shall receive all credit for his matter and none whatever for his manner. It is not altogether a bad omen for the success of the Senate that it is deprived of the oratory of Sir John V. Shelley, who retires, as he was not made chairman.

Apropos of chairmen, Mr. Waddington has put forth his promised reply to the report of the Committee of Investigation appointed by the shareholders of the Eastern Counties Railway. The tremendous exposure made by that report is fresh in the recollection of our readers, who will remember that such a series of charges of misgovernment, dishonesty, blundering, jobbing, and general incapacity, was never launched against railway or other authorities. Mr. Waddington declared that he would reserve his reply until he could make it complete; and he has issued it in 107 folio-pages, with accounts, a coloured map of the line, and correspondence bearing upon the charges. He has met his assailants full front; retorts upon them with allegations of "perverse misstatements and wanton assertions made in coarse and violent language." He defends his policy, by which, as he shows from figures, the company has gained a large addition of revenue, amounting to a tenfold increase in four years. He utterly contradicts the committee in their statements as to the Tilbury Line and Lowestoft Harbour; and, in going into details, in reference to the other accusations, charges the committee with having adopted " vindictive evidence," given by three persons " whose purpose to fill their pockets at the cost of the shareholders" he states that he had previously " prevented";—declaring that he has satisfactorily answered every charge against him, though "rancour and malice" will not be satisfied. There can be no doubt that Mr. Waddington has met his enemies with great boldness and ability; but until the Committee reply upon him, as they are now preparing to do, and enable us to decide whether his figures have merely been skilfully manipulated, after a fashion not unknown in other days, upon the Eastern Counties' line, or whether they really and truthfully represent the state of the case, the public must suspend their verdict in regard to the chairman himself. The tone of his answer will probably not diminish the acerbity with which the committee will return to the charge, and we do not see much prospect of any peaceful arrangement of the company's affairs. Let us add that it was a petty feeling which induced the deputy chairman, Mr. Bruce, to refuse to circulate Mr. Waddington's reply among the shareholders. What could it be more important and interesting for the company to hear than what their chairman had to state to them of his official conduct.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LADY BURRARD NEALE.

THIS lady, who died on the 22nd ult., at Lee, Kent, in the eighty-third year of her age, was the widow of the late Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale, Bart., G.C.B., and G.C.M.G., and was the daughter and coheiress of the late Robert Neale, Esq., of Shaw House, near Melksham, Wilts., and half-sister to the present Sir George Duckett, Bart. Sir Harry Burrard (who assumed the name of Neale) enjoyed the particular friendship of George III., and to him and Lady Neale his Majesty and Queen Charlotte presented their miniatures as a proof of their esteem. Lady Burrard Neale was also in constant attendance upon the late Princess Amelia, as Lady of the Bedchamber.

REAR-ADmirAL F. J. THOMAS.

REAR-ADmirAL FREDERICK JENNINGS THOMAS expired on the 19th ult. at his residence near Southampton, at an advanced age. The gallant veteran entered the Navy early in life, and was Midshipman on board the *Prince of Wales* in Calder's action. He served under Nelson, being Acting-Lieutenant of the *Spartiate* at Trafalgar. In 1812 he was second in command of the Cadiz flotilla; and was at the storming of twelve batteries, at the spiking or capture of several hundred pieces of ordnance, and at the capture and destruction of one hundred and fifty sail of vessels. He became a Captain the 8th Dec., 1813, and a Rear-Admiral the 1st Oct., 1846: he received the silver naval medal and one clasp for his distinguished conduct.

JOSEPH DUTTON, ESQ.

THIS gentleman died on the 23rd ult., at Burland Hall, Cheshire, aged eighty-eight. The Duttons claim consanguinity with the ancient blood-royal of England, being descended from Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, through William Earl of Eu, who married a niece of William the Conqueror. Mr. Dutton was the twenty-fourth in direct lineal descent from Rollo, and eldest heir male of the fifth Earl of Eu. Sir Peter Leycester, who compiled the Dutton Pedigree up to the year 1666, observes that "the family is one of great worth, with almost a constant succession of knights." Ancestors of the present Lords Sefton, De Tabley, Cholmondeley, and Delamere, and of the Lords Warren, Bulkeley, and Rivers of Rocksavage (extinct), have married into this family; and from Elinor, heiress of Thomas Dutton, who married Lord Gerard, descended the present Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Kilmorey. From a younger branch of the family descended Sir Ralph Dutton, whose only daughter and heiress, Anne, married James Naper; and their grandson, having assumed the name of Dutton, was created Baron Sherborne, who was the father of the present Peer. The late Mr. Dutton married Miss Cawley, and has left several children.

JOSIAH CONDER, ESQ.

THIS able and industrious writer, who was for many years editor of the *Patriot* newspaper, died on the 27th ult., at his residence, St. John's Wood. Mr. Josiah Conder was born in London, the 17th Sept., 1789; and was the son of Mr. Thomas Conder, bookseller, and grandson of Dr. John Conder, President of the Old College, Homerton. At an early age Josiah Conder manifested that poetical genius and literary taste which subsequently so distinguished him. His juvenile poetical contributions to the *Athenaeum* (Dr. Aiken's) and other publications having attracted favourable notice, he published, in 1810, a small volume, entitled "The Associate Minstrels," as the joint production of several friends. This book passed through two editions. In 1814 he became proprietor of the *Eclectic Review*, being at that time a publisher and bookseller in London. In 1819 he disposed of his business to his successor, Mr. B. Holdsworth; and for long afterwards resided at Watford, in Hertfordshire, retaining in his own hands the management of the *Eclectic Review* till 1837, when he transferred the proprietorship to Dr. Thomas Price. During the three-and-twenty years of Mr. Conder's editorship of that monthly journal, he enjoyed the assistance, as regular or occasional contributors, of John Foster, Robert Hall, James Montgomery, Dr. Pye Smith, Dr. Chalmers, Isaac Taylor, Z. Uwins, D.D., Dr. Vaughan, Charles Marsh, and many other literary celebrities. In 1818 Mr. Conder published his well-known work on Protestant Nonconformity. In 1824 he entered into an engagement with Mr. James Duncan, of Paternoster-row, to edit the afterwards well-known clever series entitled the "Modern Traveller;" undertaking, in the first instance, to furnish the volume on Palestine only. Ultimately, after several unsuccessful attempts to divide the labour, he found himself compelled to carry on the whole set. In four or five volumes alone had he any literary assistance. The collection of thirty volumes was completed in 1830; but "Italy," in three volumes, was added in 1831. In 1832 Mr. Conder was induced, on the application of the gentlemen who had recently established the *Patriot* newspaper, to become the editor of that journal—an office which he continued to sustain, with honour and credit, for three-and-twenty years. For a long period he took an active part in the public movements of the Protestant Dissenters of the metropolis, without, however, renouncing his attachment to literature. He married, in 1815, Joan Elizabeth, daughter of Roger Thomas, Esq., of Southgate. Mr. Conder leaves, surviving, his widow and five of their children, one of whom is a daughter. The four sons are—Mr. Francis R. Conder, well known as a civil engineer and railway contractor; the Rev. Eustace R. Conder, pastor of the Congregational Church at Poole; Mr. Josiah Conder, of the Bank of England; and Mr. Charles Conder, who is associated in professional pursuits with his eldest brother.

THOMAS CUBITT, ESQ.

MR. THOMAS CUBITT, of Thame's-bank and of Belgravia, one of the most able and successful of metropolitan builders and contractors, was born at Buxton, near Norwich, on the 25th of February, 1788. He was at the time of his father's death but nineteen years of age, and was then working as a journeyman carpenter. He shortly afterwards, with a view to improve his circumstances, took a voyage to India and back as captain's joiner. On his return to London, being then about twenty-one years old, he, with the savings he had put by, commenced a small business in the metropolis as a carpenter. After six tolerably successful years, he took a tract of ground from Lord Calthorpe in Gray's-inn-road, upon which he erected large workshops, and carried on a very considerable business. This establishment was afterwards relinquished to his brother, now Mr. Alderman Cubitt, who had been for many years associated with him. One of Thomas Cubitt's earlier works, while in Gray's-inn-road, was the London Institution, Moorfields. About the year 1824 he entered into engagements with the Duke of Bedford and Lord Southampton for the tracts of ground on which Tavistock-square and Gordon-square, with Woburn-place and other surrounding streets, now stand. Towards the close of the same year and the beginning of 1825 he engaged with the late Marquis of Westminster and Mr. Lowndes to cover with houses large portions of the Five Fields and grounds adjacent. Of this engagement Belgrave-square, Lowndes-square, Chesham-place, and other ranges of houses are the splendid results. He subsequently contracted to build for the vast open district lying between Eaton-square and the Thames, now known as South Belgravia. He also carried out similar extensive operations in Clapham, Kemp Town, Brighton, and other places. Through life Thomas Cubitt was the real friend of the working man, and among his own people he did much to promote their social, intellectual, and moral progress. He established a workmen's library, a school-room for their children; and, by an arrangement to supply generally to his men soup and cocoa at the smallest rate at which these could be produced, he aided in accustoming them to a happy system of temperance, and in superseding to a great extent the dram-drinking which previously wrought ruin and misery amongst them.

Mr. Cubitt died on the 29th ult., at his house at Denbies, Dorking. He leaves two brothers—viz., Mr. Alderman Cubitt, M.P. for Andover; and Mr. Lewis Cubitt, the architect of the Great Northern Railway terminus. Sir William Cubitt, the eminent engineer, though a native of the same county, is not a relative. It may be worthy of remark that the large engagements as to Belgrave-square, begun in 1825, have been completed in the present year; and Mr. Thomas Cubitt's own dwelling-house, on his estate at Denbies, in which he died, is only just finished and ready for the future residence of the family.

JAMES YECKSON, ESQ.

JAMES YECKSON, a member of the firm of James Yeckson and Co., of Gothenburg and London, was born at Montrose in the year 1784, and in early life he established himself at Gothenburg, which at that time possessed but little trade. Yeckson, with a shrewdness and clearness of intellect unsurpassed by few, was the first to see that Sweden possessed in her vast forests, which, with the exception of the neighbourhood of the ironworks, had never resounded with the sound of the axe, a source of wealth unknown and unthought of. Yeckson acted accordingly, and he may be said truly to have been the father of that timber trade which for the last thirty years has proved so vast a source of wealth to Sweden, and has created a commerce between England and Sweden equally beneficial to both countries. Swedish ships are now found in every part of the world freighted with deals, and particularly in our Colonies where timber adapted for floorings and the interior fittings of houses does not exist. James Yeckson, to the deep regret of his family and numerous friends, died on the 17th of last November at Gothenburg, leaving a fortune which even in England would be considered colossal.

MICHAEL VÖRÖSMARTY.

THE famous Hungarian poet, Vörösmarty—whose name though but little known on the banks of the Thames, had a long and loved renown on the broad plains where the Thiers and Duna flow—has recently died in his retirement, near Pesth Michael Vörösmarty—or, to use the Magyar form of designation, Vörösmarty Mihály—was born in 1800, at the little village of Nyék, in the county of Weissenburg. His early life was devoted to tuition, and he numbered amongst his pupils the General Perczel. Vörösmarty, in 1816, proceeded to Pesth to study philosophy and law, and in due time obtained his diploma as an advocate; but the popularity of the poet Karoly Kisfaludy gave another direction to his enthusiasm. In 1821, Vörösmarty published his first considerable work, "King Solaman," a tragedy from the legendary time of Hungarian history. This was followed by "King Sigismund," a drama, and by "Kort," another tragedy. In 1826 he wrote a popular romantic poem, entitled "The Fairy Valley;" and in 1828, an epic "Eger u Erlau," descriptive of the famous defence of that place against the Turks in the sixteenth century. Another narrative poem, "Oeserholm," devoted to the victory obtained by the Hungarians in the thirteenth century over the heathen Cumans, won a wide popularity, as did his chief epic work, the "Zulan Fusasu," or flight of Zulan, the story of the Bulgarian Chief Vangricht, in the first times of the Magyar conquest. He wrote, besides, many lyrics, which have long been household treasures in Hungary. Some specimens of his earlier effusions have been translated by Dr. Bowring, in his interesting volume on the Magyar poets. The "Szózat," or Appeal, by Vörösmarty, which has been termed the Hungarian Marseillaise, was long the national song of Hungary, and was sung at all festive and patriotic gatherings. The song has been translated by Mr. William Jaffray. Vörösmarty was one of the authors of the Hungarian grammar and dictionary published by the Academy. He was much connected with the periodical literature of his country; and it may be mentioned, for our special regard, was an enthusiastic Shakspearian student and critic. Several of the dramas of our great poet were translated by his hand. Vörösmarty took an active part in political agitation. He was engaged in the insurrection of 1848, and was a member of the Diet and of the Ministerial party. He was, however, included in the amnesty, and he passed his latter days in seclusion in a little village near Pesth.

COUNT KRASINSKI.

COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI, one of the most distinguished members of the Polish Emigration, died in Edinburgh on the 22nd ult. On the breaking out of the Polish insurrection in 1830 Count Valerian Krasinski was sent by the then chief of the National Government, Prince Adam Czartoryski, to England, as a member of the diplomatic mission dispatched from Poland to this country, and he continued here in this capacity until the fatal catastrophe of 1831, when he, with so many others, became a penniless exile from his country; for which, however, up to the day of his death, he never ceased to labour. He wrote several volumes of history and some translations of Polish literature. In 1848 he exchanged for time the pen of the historian for that of the political pamphleteer, and the result was a series of pamphlets on the Polish and Russian question, such as *Panslavism* and *Germanism*; Russia and Europe; Russia, Poland, and Europe; *Opinions of Napoleon* and *First regarding Poland*. His very last days were employed in correcting the proof-sheets of a pamphlet entitled "The Polish Question," but which he has not lived to see published; and a "History of Poland," which he had commenced publishing in monthly numbers, also remains unfinished. On subjects not connected with his own country, Count Krasinski has contributed to English literature a translation of Calvin's "Treatise on Reforms," and several small works on religious subjects, which, though published anonymously, had a very extensive circulation. His high intellectual qualities, his wonderful store of historic knowledge, and his extraordinary memory, together with the integrity of his character, the nobility of his sentiments, the gentleness of his disposition, and the courtesy and elegance of his manners, rendered Count Valerian Krasinski ever a welcome guest in all the most refined circles of London, where he spent the first twenty years of his exile; and of Edinburgh, where the last five were passed.

WILLS.—The will of Lieut.-General Sir Thomas H. Brown has been proved under £7000 personalty; Lieut.-Colonel Nathaniel E. Harrison, Artillery, Scutari, £4000 personalty; Colin Rogers, M.D., Dorset-square, £20,000; William Day, surgeon, Isleworth, £14,000 within the province of Canterbury; John Brown, Esq., Cheltenham, £40,000; David Smith, Esq., of Greenwich, £30,000; Thomas A. Shaw, Esq., of Holly-lodge, Kensington, £20,000; Leopold J. Lardner, of the British Museum, £2000; the Rev. Thomas C. Fell, B.D., Prebend of Lichfield and Wolverhampton, and Rector of Sheepy, Leicester, £5000. The charitable bequests, under the will of the late Miss Elizabeth Boyton, of Dover, noticed in this paper on the 8th ult., are only given on the contingency of a young lady, yet unmarried, dying without issue.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

TESTIMONIALS.—The inhabitants of St. John's-wood have presented to the Rev. Daniel Butler, M.A., on his resignation of the Curacy of St. John's Wood Chapel, where he has officiated for fifteen years, a very handsome silver centre-piece for the table. It is composed of three figures in frosted silver, of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and an oak-tree forming the stem, surmounted with a basket, and on one compartment of the tripod is the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. Daniel Butler, M.A., by friends and members of the congregation of St. John's Chapel, St. John's Wood; as a testimony of their affectionate regard and estimation of the value of his ministrations. December, 1855." Manufactured by Charles Williams, late Catchpole and Williams, 223, Oxford-street.—Sir Henry Muggeridge, Alderman, late Sheriff of London and Middlesex, has presented to his Chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Gregory, B.D., of Weston Lodge, St. John's Wood, a beautiful silver claret ewer, "as a token of regard and esteem, and in remembrance of the happy associations of the Shrinevaly 1854-1855."—A very handsome testimonial (consisting of a silver salver, cake-basket, and other valuables), presented by the congregation of Trinity Church, Mile-end, to the Rev. Charles J. S. Russell, Incumbent of St. John's Walthamstow, and late Curate (in charge) of Trinity district.—To the Rev. R. Bingham, Curate of St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, a superb silver inkstand, manufactured by Mr. W. Edington, 80, Baker street, and presented by friends and admirers of Mr. Bingham's ministry. The Rev. R. Bingham is the lineal descendant of the learned Joseph Bingham, the well-known author of the "Antiquities of the Christian Church," a new and improved edition of whose entire works has just appeared from the Oxford University press, in ten volumes, octavo, under Mr. Bingham's editorship.

APPOINTMENTS.—RECTORIES: The Rev. J. Kirkman to Field Dalling, near Holt; Rev. G. Stokes to St. Stephen's, Ipswich; Rev. E. Herbert to the Rectory and Chancellorship of Rathkeale; Rev. H. Howes to Spittworth, Norfolk; Rev. H. M. Roberts to All Saints', Saltfleetby, Lincolnshire; Rev. R. St. J. Shirreff to Woodham Ferrers, Essex; Rev. C. M. Wilson to White Rodney, Chipping Ongar. VICARAGES: The Rev. J. Todd to Ardleigh, Essex; Rev. G. C. Tuffnell to Takeley, near Bishop's Stortford; the Hon. and Rev. W. Byron to Pyron, Oxfordshire; Rev. W. Blow to Layer Breton, near Colchester. INCUMBENCY: The Rev. Mr. Gardner to St. Matthew's, Brixton.

THE Bishop of London has sanctioned the formation of a new ecclesiastical district out of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It embraces a considerable portion of Long-acre, together with many of the streets north and south of it—north towards the parish church, near Trafalgar-square, and south to the adjacent parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

THE Rev. C. J. D'Oyly, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly assistant minister of Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley-street, has been appointed the first Incumbent of St. Mark's Church and district, the patronage to which will henceforth be vested in the Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

CHRISTMAS-TREE IN ST. MARY'S-HALL, COVENTRY.—This exhibition in aid of the funds of the Industrial Home was opened on Wednesday, the 26th December, when the fine old Guildhall, a splendid specimen of the domestic architecture of the reign of Henry IV., presented a very gay scene. Towards evening the dark green of the bowery entrance, dimly lighted with coloured lamps, formed an agreeable contrast with the glare of the hall. The Countess of Craven contributed two handsome sofa-cushions; photograph views of Ashdown-park, and groups of game, by Earl Craven. Lady Leigh sent clothing for the poor, also an assortment of toys and sweetmeats; Mrs. Brucebridge, a beautiful gold-embroidered satchel from Scutari, a very handsome worked table-cover, two pieces of needlework, and a large contribution of small articles; Sir Joseph Paxton, handsome ornaments for the tree. A piece of tapestry was presented, through Mr. Frederick Brown, from J. Parkinson, Esq., of Manchester—the subject, "Charles I. taking leave of his family; it is valued at fifty guineas. The Coventry Industrial Home was established in May, 1846, for the purpose of affording protection and the means of support to young girls, who, from the poverty or discomfort of their homes, are placed in such circumstances as would most probably prove fatal to their own character, and injurious to the welfare of society. The institution will at present accommodate only twenty-four inmates. Since its commencement 113 friendless girls have been admitted, most of whom have been placed in respectable service, after two years' training, with a view to this result. The establishment is mainly supported by the earnings of its inmates, whose time is occupied in washing and needlework. Last year £252 13s. 5d. was derived from this source alone; and the deficiency is made up by annual subscriptions and other means; and this year the exhibition of Christmas-trees was held in connection with a bazaar in aid of the funds. The Right Hon. Lady Leigh is the patroness of the institution.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Lord Canning will not be in Calcutta till about the 1st of March, as Lord Dalhousie does not intend to resign his office earlier. To some time the new Governor-General will stop at Ceylon and Madras on his way out.

The Duke and Duchess de Nemours arrived at Turin on the 23rd ult., from Genoa, and returned thither the same day, after paying their respects to the King of Sardinia.

A matrimonial alliance is understood to be concluded between the youthful Marquis of Lothian and the Lady Susan Ramsay, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Dalhousie.

Count Valentine Escherhazy did not reach St. Petersburg until the evening of the 26th ult. Such vast quantities of snow had fallen that the Austrian Minister lost thirty-six hours on the road to Warsaw, where he passed a day, and visited Prince Paskiewitsch.

Mr. William Rose, brother of Major-General Sir Hugh Rose, is about to form a matrimonial alliance with the Hon. Miss Thellusson, daughter of the Lady Rendlesham, and sister of the Lady Walsingham.

The Duke of Sotomayor, formerly Ambassador at London and Paris, committed suicide on the 28th ult. at Madrid. He had been suffering for many years from violent attacks of gout.

By an Imperial order of December 20, Prince Menschikoff has been nominated Military Governor of Cronstadt.

The intended marriage of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., with Lady Emily Hay, youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweedale, and sister of the Duchess of Wellington, which was to have taken place Thursday, is postponed for a fortnight.

The birthday of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria was celebrated on the 24th ult., at the Imperial Palace, Vienna, in a strictly private family circle.

Count Buol, Baron Bach, and Count Leo Thun have received permission from the Emperor of Austria to wear the Grand Cross of the Pius Order, which they received from the Pope as a reward for the complaisance they displayed in the matter of the Concordat.

On Christmas-eve Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., delivered a lecture on poetry at the Wakefield Mechanics' Institution.

Baron Prokesch-Osten, the Austrian Internuncio, arrived at Constantinople on the 17th ult., and had his audience at the Porte on the following day.

Messrs. Baring issued a circular on Tuesday last stating that Mr. Edward Charles Baring, son of the late Mr. Henry Baring, and Mr. Henry Bingham Mildmay, son of the late Mr. H. St. John Mildmay, have been admitted into their firm.

M. Massimo d'Azeglio arrived at Turin from Marseilles, via Genoa, on the 27th ult.

Cluny Macpherson, the Chief of Clan Chattan, has sent to Glasgow £12 10s. 6d., being a subscription from the district of Badenoch, collected in shillings, in aid of the fund for the purchase of a Sword of Honour to be presented to Major-General Sir Co'ln Campbell, G.C.B.

A Russian convert to the Church of Rome (Father Djunkovsky) has just left Rome, decorated with the title of "Apostolic Prefect of the North Pole Missions," which was recently conferred upon him by a congregation of Cardinals, depited by his Holiness, together with a yearly salary of 20,000 fr.

The rumoured death of Mr. Joseph Barker, lately of Leeds, turns out to be untrue. He is lecturing in Philadelphia and New York.

Mdlle. Taglioni has quitted Vienna for St. Petersburg, after a stay in the former capital of two months.

The Municipal Council of Turin had appointed a commission to report on the project of a Universal Exhibition at Turin. According to the plan proposed, the Crystal Palace is to be constructed round the Castle del Valentino, which will thus form its central structure.

The *Manchester Daily Telegraph*—the first cheap or penny newspaper established in the provinces—was put up for sale by auction last week, at the King's Arms Hotel, King-street, Manchester, after an existence of fifteen months. It was knocked down for £100; but the deposit money not being forthcoming the sale was declared null and void.

A letter from Havannah announces the arrival at that port of her Majesty's ship *Solent*, from Vera Cruz, with 2,200,000 dollars for England—800,000 was on account of dividends.

Shipbuilding on the Clyde is very flat. In Greenock no fewer than 600 men have been paid off by three establishments.

The new line of railway from Vienna to Raab was opened to the public on Christmas morning.

Large quantities of grain which the Government had stored up at Cracow, Lemberg, and Olmutz, for the supply of the third and fourth armies when they were still on a war footing, are to be sold by public auction.

Last term 125 attorneys were admitted, and in Hilary Term a number of fresh applications will be made. The number in town and country is about 10,000.

Upwards of 60,000 hectolitres of wheat (the hectolitre is rather more than 23 bushels) have arrived at Marseilles during the past week, principally from Algeria, Spain, and the United States.

On Friday night a pile of warehouse buildings, extending from High-street into Marsden-square, Manchester, was destroyed by fire. The property is valued at £12,000 to £15,000.

The steam-ship *Empire City* has arrived at New York with more than a million dollars' worth of gold-dust.

Oliver King and Warren C. Ayres—the first named recently a hotel-keeper in Lowell, Mass., and the latter formerly a broker in Boston—were arrested on the 14th at Lawrence, Mass., charged with having committed a robbery of 50,000 dollars in gold from the American Express Company.

Baron Parke has not been gazetted, and there are said to be doubts whether he will take the title of Lord Ampthill. It is believed he will take his title from some place in the north of England.

Colonel de Manteufel, who arrived at Dresden last Sunday at noon from Berlin, was received by the King at a private audience, and then invited to dine with his Majesty. He set out again at night by the express train on his return to Berlin.

Lord Panmure has directed that the title of Secretary at War be no longer used; and that in all future communications and correspondence the Lordship is to be addressed only as Secretary of State for War.

The Czar has written a letter of thanks to General Mouravieff; and also sent him the decoration of the Order of St. George, second class, which is held in very esteem in Russia, as an acknowledgment of his great services before Kars.

Previously to the departure of the King of Sardinia from Windsor her Majesty was pleased to present the King with one of the finest and most valuable thorough-bred mares in the Royal stud at Hampton Court, viz., the Fria.

The French Government has demanded of the Cabinet of Vienna an explanation of the toast which had been drunk in honour of the Russian army at a banquet given to Marshal Baron Hess, to celebrate his fiftieth year of military service.

The managers of the dispensary of Maximilian, St. Petersburg, announce that wounded officers who may be staying in the capital will be gratuitously attended to, and that warm and light apartments are at their service.

The *Calcutta Englishman* says the Marquis of Lothian and the Hon. Mr. Egerton are visitors at Lahore, having accomplished the grand tour of Ladak and Kashmire.

No fewer than eleven columns of the *Moniteur* of Tuesday are occupied with lists of promotions in, or nominations to, the Legion of Honour.

King George of Hanover has just abolished trial by jury for political offences in his dominions by his mere decree.

Voss's Gazette announces a new daily journal, founded at Naumburg, in Prussia, Saxony, to advocate Russian interests.

Mr. Drummond's late speech at Guildford is reprinted conspicuously by the *Journal de St. Petersburg*.

Mdlle. G. Sand has had a comedy accepted at the *Frangais*, entitled "L'Irrésolu." When read before the committee, the numbers were equal—four against—in which case, it seems, the liberality of the regulations give the decision in favour of the author.

The Danish Government, in order to prove that it does not wish to protract the conferences on the question of the Sound Dues, has fixed the time of meeting for the 2nd of January, instead of the 20th, as was at first decided.

The six arched entrances of the Louvre at Paris, opposite the Rue de Rohan, are now all open to the public, who may thus traverse the Place Napoleon III., and closely inspect the decorations of the pavilions and the statues of celebrated men which ornament the terraces.

The East India Coal Company obtained its certificate of complete registration under the Limited Liability Act of 1855 on the 27th ult., and the steam-engine and machinery for working the mines on a large scale are now in course of shipment to Calcutta.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

MR. JOHN FORSTER, the author of the "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith" and other works destined to live hereafter, has just been appointed Secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy. One of the Commissioners is a well-known poet, Barry Cornwall. The folly of thinking that literary men are unfit for business habits is happily fast dying out. The appointment of Mr. Forster is one that will give satisfaction.

The Rev. William Cureton, Canon of Westminster, distinguished for his Oriental learning and his successful labours towards settling that vexata *questio*, the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles, has just been elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres of the Institute of France, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Gaisford, the celebrated scholar and Dean of Christ Church.

When once we fall in love with that bewitching art, poetry, we take it for better or worse. It never quits us. This was said by Prior, alluding to Waller's passion for writing poetry in his old age. Mr. Rogers was a still more striking example. He was actually writing verse in his ninety-first year. Here is one of the latest droppings from his pen:—

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Forth to the altar, and with her thou lovest—
With her who longs to strew thy path with flowers;
Nor lose the blessed privilege to give
Birth to a race, immortal as your own;
That, trained by you, may make a heaven on earth,
And tread the path that leads from earth to heaven.

S. ROGERS, ACT 91.

The above lines were composed by Mr. Rogers, at Brighton, within the last two years. "I sat (says our Correspondent) beside his chair watching their progress, and here quote them as they dropped from his own lips. There are others in MS. of a still more recent date."

The Irish Schools of Design which were lately at open war with the Department of Science and Art, have reconsidered their grievances. The school at Limerick is again open, the Cork school is to re-open on the 8th of January, while the committee of the Belfast school, who some eighteen months ago issued an able report of their differences with the Board of Trade, have agreed, under protest, to commence operations under the new system. Mr. David Wilkie Raimbach (son of the eminent engraver), late master of the Limerick School of Art, and formerly second master at Belfast, has accepted the head mastership of the Cork School of Design.

It is not very generally known that Mr. Marshall, R.A., modelled, in 1844, a bust of the late Mr. Rogers, with his usual skill and care. The poet used to sit for a couple of hours after breakfast, and Mr. Marshall was permitted to have as many sittings as he chose. This, we believe, was the last bust for which the poet sat.

Mr. C. H. Cooper, of Cambridge, distinguished for the accuracy of his researches into University history, has just issued a prospectus for a work that is, indeed, much required—an "Athenæ Cantabrigienses." Cambridge has nothing like Anthony Wood's great work. Mr. Cooper will have, we trust, every assistance which the heads of colleges can afford to so laborious and useful an undertaking.

On the back yard—once a garden of Evans's Grand Hotel in the Piazza of Covent-garden—a grand singing-hall has just been built, from the designs of Mr. Finch Hill. We have seen the room, and can speak of it as a most creditable specimen of modern architecture, in which utility has not been made to give way to ornament; and yet there is ornament enough, and that of a good kind. The new room was opened some three weeks ago.

The admirers of Addison will be glad to learn that the new edition of the works of that delightful writer, just published by Mr. Bohn, contains the letters of Addison—some two hundred and fifty in number—now brought together for the first time. Many of these are new, and of interest, though they will not add to his literary reputation.

Who does not recollect the low, dirty, and inappropriate piece of tasteless wainscot-work by which one was introduced into Westminster Abbey from Poets' Corner? That unlight thing of the worst period of our skill in carpenter's work has just been removed, and a pair of doors erected, in keeping with the architecture of the Abbey. Mr. Scott has done this good service.

The much-celebrated twenty-five thousand copies of a recent History are said to hang a little in the trade—but then money is scarce, and the season has not been one in which people have been at all prone to spend much on books. The trade, however, do not complain.

Mr. Sotheby, the well-known auctioneer of literary property, has just had executed a most interesting plate in connection with the celebrated Byron forgeries. On one quarto sheet of paper he has had copied with marvellous skill several examples of the handwriting of the forger; and below, on the same page, several examples of the forgeries themselves. The plate is designed to illustrate chapter on Antiquarian and Literary Forgeries. One of the forged letters is now in the British Museum.

The following curious paper, illustrative of Travelling in the Environs of London, when George III. was King, has been sent us by a Correspondent. The original is before us while we write, and is now published for the first time:—

MEMORANDUM.

Sir John Fielding has desired Lord Rochford to submit to the King whether it might not be advisable that a Horse Patrol should be appointed every night between the Queen's House and Kew during their Majesties residence at Kew.

Sir John proposes that six of the Horse Grenadier Guards or of the Light Horse, with a sergeant, should be appointed every night for their service: two to cross each other between the Queen's House and Kensington; two others from Kensington to the further part of Hammersmith; and the other two from thence to Kew-brdge or to the Palace at Kew. Sir John will give the names of the several constables to be found in the different parts of the road, and a description of the people who are most likely to rob on that road during the course of the summer. Sir John thinks that even the name of a Patrol will be of great service to prevent that road being infested with foot-pads and highwaymen as it was last year, and he is very desirous that the King would be pleased to approve of this night Patrol during their Majesties' residence at Kew, in which case Sir John will afterwards submit to His Majesty his whole plan.

The Queen's house stood on the site of the present Buckingham Palace. The date of the document is about 1780.

Her Majesty has been pleased to grant a pension of 25 a year to Mr. Joseph Haydn, author of the well-known "Dictionary of Dates." There is nothing in the warrant, we are glad to observe, about "distressed circumstances." The sum is too small.

THE THEATRES, &c.

DRURY LANE.—A professional squib was aduertised on Monday, directed, professedly in good humour, against the Wizard of the North. It is called "The Great Gun Trick," and Mr. C. Mathews personates the Original Magician of the Lyceum. The conjuring feats are connected by a kind of narrative, founded on the heroine of Valérie-sur-Somme in the sea green bonnet, touching whom ride posters and placards, and some amusing incidents are introduced. Mr. C. Mathews acted the part with much lightness and self-importance, and performed the various tricks with manifest adroitness and finish. The audience seemed to doubt at first the spirit in which such an entertainment was conceived, but gradually "cottoned" towards the joke, and the whole may be said to have been successful. With a hundred nights' practice, Mr. Mathews, as he stated, hoped he might be able to rival Mr. Anderson himself; but it is not to be expected the public will afford even so firmly-established a favourite so prolonged an opportunity.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, at its last sitting, elected the Rev. Mr. Curzon, Canon of Westminster, a corresponding member.

MUSIC.

ON Monday last, New-Year's-eve, Madame Goldschmidt Lind sang in "The Messiah" for the first time in London. This was the most complete test which has yet been afforded of her powers as an oratorio singer. We in England have always regarded this masterpiece of Handel—the most sublime effort in music hitherto made by human genius—as belonging peculiarly to ourselves. For us it was written; Handel himself taught the performers of his day how it ought to be executed; and his instructions have been handed down by an unbroken series of traditions, from his own time to the present, a period exceeding a century. To this day it is only in England that "The Messiah" is thoroughly known. The French know nothing, or next to nothing, about it. You may now and then hear in Paris a chorus or an air extracted from it; but we may pretty safely affirm that it has not been even once performed entire in that *soi-disant* metropolis of the arts. The Italians once knew something about it; now, we believe, its very name is forgotten among them. In Handel's native country it is performed, of course; but it is not heard in Germany once for a hundred times in England; and the Germans themselves have the candour to admit that they must come to England to hear the music of Handel. When German singers essay this music in England, the most intelligent among them put themselves in some measure to school again—they have recourse to our English masters, who are able to communicate to them the Handelian traditions and the Handelian style. In this way our veteran instructor, Sir George Smart, has done good service to many. Madame Riedendorff, the last German who has distinguished herself as a singer of Handel, prepared herself by studies with Sir George Smart; and we are gratified to learn, as a further proof of Jenny Lind's admirable good sense, that she has been availing herself of the same assistance. There can be no doubt that Jenny Lind's own genius and knowledge would enable her to give beautiful expression and effect to any description of music; but it is equally well known that there are certain peculiarities which come to be recognised as constituting a peculiar style, and which cannot be intuitively acquired; and it is evident that Jenny Lind's mastery of Handel's style has been gained by her studies and attention to the performance of his works during her sojourn in England.

On Monday night this incomparable singer not only interpreted the text of the mighty master with a purity which has not been surpassed by any of her precursors—in our day, at least—but excelled them all in the effect she produced on the immense assemblage, who were evidently entranced and spellbound by the majesty and beauty of her performance. It is not easy to analyse the elements of her superiority, but it is not the less certain that it was acknowledged by every one, not as the result of any critical process, but of instant and heartfelt conviction. It cannot be ascribed to any particular qualities, but to a union of qualities found in no one else. Others have had voices equal to hers—as sweet, as clear, as powerful; and others have sung with equal execution. Nay, in quality of voice and volatility of throat some may be named who positively surpass her. Others, too, may perhaps rival her in intelligence and artistic attainment. But to these qualities, all of which she possesses in a high degree, she adds an indescribable gift, derived immediately from nature, which enhances their value a thousandfold. It is the *mens divinor*, the sacred fire of genius, which may be cultivated, but cannot be given—which may be fanned, but cannot be kindled, by any human power. In giving voice to the language of Handel her soul burns with Handel's own fire. She pours out his strains with the same fervour which conceived them; they flow from the depths of her own heart, and penetrate to the heart of every hearer. Where voice and execution only are demanded, other singers may come up to her. In "Rejoice greatly" Handel has admirably expressed the feeling of the words by a stream of brilliant roulades. Jenny Lind sang them splendidly, but without any marked superiority over one or two of her most highly-gifted rivals. But when she came to "I know that my Redeemer liveth," that divine effusion of deep and fervent faith, her rapt, enthusiastic expression might have warmed a heart of stone. Equally remarkable, but in another way, was her melting tenderness in the heavenly air "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden," which thrilled the audience with sympathetic emotion. In short, we are inclined to resolve Jenny Lind's magic into expression. It is because she feels that she makes others feel—it is because her melody comes from the heart that all hearts are penetrated by it.

The performance of Monday, as a whole, is entitled to very high praise. The able director, Mr. Benedict, had evidently bestowed the utmost care in its preparation. We never heard Miss Dolby sing more beautifully. Her "O thou that tellst good tidings" was charming; and her "He was despised and rejected" was full of deep and evidently heartfelt pathos. The tenor part was divided between Mr. Lockey and Herr Reichardt. Lockey sang the opening recitative "Comfort ye my people," and the air "Every valley," with great power and effect. Reichardt (who has made himself, by his studies and practice in England, an excellent oratorio singer) acquitted himself admirably, especially in the fine air "Thou shalt break them in pieces," which he delivered with great energy. The chorus and the instrumental orchestra were excellent.

MUSIC AT COURT.—On the evening of New-year's-day there was a very fine musical performance at Windsor Castle, in the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and a large and brilliant party. It consisted of Méhul's sacred drama of "Joseph;" an exquisite piece, which, as a whole, is not sufficiently known to the public. It was originally produced at the Opéra Comique, there being no objection on the Continent to scriptural subjects on the stage; and is, in its original form, a little pastoral opera, in which the dialogue, simply spoken, is intermixed with airs and concerted music. In this country it cannot be brought on the stage; and in the concert room, the music is not intelligible, from the want of the connecting dialogue. To remove this obstacle the prose dialogue has been turned into poetical recitative by the skilful pen of Mr. Bartholomew, and clothed in music by Mr. Cusins, the organist of the Queen's private Chapel. These recitatives are masterly, and preserve all the animation and interest of the original dialogue. In this form the drama was now performed; the principal parts being sustained by Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Benson, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. W. Cooper, and Mr. Thomas. There was an orchestra nearly 140 strong, comprising her Majesty's private band, and a selection of performers from the Philharmonic Society, the Royal Italian Opera, and the Sacred Harmonic Society; the whole being under the direction of Mr. Anderson, the director of the Queen's private band. The performance was eminently successful; and Méhul's chef d'œuvre, thus arranged, we trust, soon be brought before the public.

A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT was given at the town of Stourbridge, on the 27th December, under the superintendence of Mr. George Wharton; the orchestra being conducted by Mr. Shergold, of Birmingham. The music, which was entirely of a sacred character, consisted of selections from "The Creation," "The Messiah," and Spohr's "Last Judgment;" together with the whole of Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus." The principal vocalists were Mr. and Madame Weiss, Miss Mahalia Homer, and Mr. Cooper. The aria, "But thou didst not leave," was executed by Madame Weiss with great beauty and pathos, and was boisterously encored. Mr. Cooper's singing was very correct as far as the mechanical arrangement of his voice was concerned, but it wanted energy and expression. Miss Mahalia Homer sang with extreme grace and feeling, and was loudly applauded in the air "How beautiful are the feet," and "With verdure



SCENE FROM "JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE

to the frequenters of the Adelphi as actors of considerable merit, and who have, in conjunction with Miss Wyndham, upon this occasion gone out of their way to support their excellent directress in her new and arduous undertaking.

THE DOVER SAILORS' HOME.

The Dover Sailors' Home was inaugurated on the 29th of November last by Captain Hall, R.N., of her Majesty's ship *Blenheim*. This gallant and much-respected officer, it is well known, has always taken a very praiseworthy interest in the welfare of institutions having for their object the social or moral amelioration of the sailor's condition, and, as foremost among such, has invariably lent all the aid in his power to the establishment of Sailors' Homes. It was mainly owing to his suggestion, we

The ceremony of opening the Home took place in the reading-room, which was filled with a very influential assembly, including a great number of ladies, among whom were Lady Torrington and Mrs. Hall. E. R. Rice, Esq., M.P., the Mayor of Dover and members of the Corporation, Admiral Harcourt, Admiral Morier, Captain Noble, Captain MacIlwaine, Montague Gore, Esq., Lieut. Mudge, W. Cocke, Esq., W. Hakes, Esq., E. T. Way, Esq., were also present.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE.

LAST week it was recorded that letters of administration had issued from the Prerogative Court, under the will of the late R. Dixon, Esq., of Stanstead-park, near Emsworth, Hampshire, who, during a long and honourable career as a port-wine merchant, had amassed a fortune to the great amount of more than one million sterling. The document, dictated shortly before the demise of the testator, exhibits much of the charac-

teristic traits by which he was distinguished through life—being at once clear, concise, and decisive. He bequeaths the estates, together with the mansion, plate, Jewellery, furniture, &c., and property in land, valued at about £3000 per annum, and a sum of £400,000 in the Funds, to his widow, for her own absolute use. He leaves to his two sisters, both of whom are advanced in years, £200,000 each. To all his servants £50 a year for life, and a further sum of £500 to such as had been long in his service. To every labourer on the estate he has left £5, independently of other minor legacies. About two months before his death he distributed the large sum of £85,490 amongst some of his personal friends, adopting the plan of gifts; in order to evade the legacy-duty, to the payment of which he had very great repugnance. His charitable performances were in accordance with his vast wealth. Some few years back he built, and liberally endowed a college, or almshouse, for the reception of reduced merchants of advanced age. He also erected a church, with a parsonage and school-house, in the hamlet of Stanstead, making ample provision for their permanent maintenance. Mr. Dixon was twice married, but leaves no issue by either marriage. His widow is sister to Admiral



is here, coupled with the untiring energy of the Rev. W. Tate, of Dover, who in his interest in the seafaring population so far as we can judge, yields the palm to none, not even to the gallant Captain himself—that the Sailors' Home in Dover has been reared. From a small though comfortable place for shipwrecked and distressed sailors, it has now become a permanent, as well as one of the most useful and important of our local institutions. The Dover Sailors' Home is a very handsome edifice exteriorly, and, what is of much more importance, its internal resources are all that can be desired in an institution of this sort. Besides having forty beds at disposal, it comprises a refreshment-room, reading-room, smoking-room, bath, an excellent kitchen and convenient offices; in a word, it is complete, and reflects the greatest credit on the architect and the builders.

STANSTEAD COURT, STANSTEAD CASTLE, HANTS.

Walcot (late of Bath), the member for Christchurch, and first cousin to Sir Edmund Lyons, the Commander-in-Chief in the Black Sea.

Stanstead College, of which we engrave View, is situated at Rowland's Castle, Hants. It is built in the Old English domestic style, and its gables and chimneys ("wind-pipes of hospitality"), are characteristic of the benevolent object of its worthy founder. The front of the building bears a tablet with this inscription:—"Thankful for Divine mercies, CHARLES DIXON, Esq., of Stanstead, late a merchant of London, erected and endowed this building for the benefit of his less successful brethren." Each inmate receives £40 per annum, and £1 per month towards his dinner. There are kept two female servants, and one male servant. The rooms are furnished in the most substantial manner. There are also allowed the sums of £30 per annum for coals, £20 per annum for medical attendance, and £20 per annum for the services of a clergyman.

MARKET SCENE IN THE BAHAMAS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The kind and gentle spirit of the aborigines of these beautiful islands still seems to linger here; for the present inhabitants exercise an unostentatious but warm-hearted hospitality. There is an air of vitality, as well as cheerfulness, about the clean, neat, quiet little town of Nassau, with its well-chosen library and literary institute. After the miseries of a long sea voyage, with what delight does the eye rest upon the green tints of New Providence: Nassau, and its long lake-like harbour, dotted with swift-sailing schooners, presents, indeed, a very pretty aspect. In the distance is seen the tall, slender spire of a church, like that of an English village, rising from a rounded clump of trees, until the pointed steeple is lost in the blue of heaven; but the beautiful coconut-palms, waving their plumed heads in the gentle breeze, and the brilliant skies, bring back the consciousness of another clime than that of dear old England.

Here, the population present a lively scene. Gay groups of chattering negresses, in their many-coloured turban-tied kerchiefs, with abundance of bandanas, solicit the attention of passers-by: "Hi massa!—my sweet massa!—buy beautiful bananas!" Here and there lounges along some pale lemon-coloured Creole, with broad Panama hat and never-ceasing cigar, some would say tainting the balmy breath of the cool fresh morning; then come grinning gigantic negroes; whilst on all sides lie neglected heaps of conch-shells.

Along the sea-side street surely it seems to snow—cotton lying about in white flakes, large yards piled full of it—huge, plethoric, bursting bales: these are cargoes of cotton wrecked upon the coast. Heaps of huge sponges are strewn about—sometimes used as manure; for they grow plentifully in these seas.

Here is a quaint group of characters, one of the evilest-looking of genii, big and black enough to have tumbled out of an Arabian Night, after lighting Aladdin's lamp. Beside him stands a tall, graceful girl, like a bronze statue of the Queen of Sheba—a plenteous-lipped daughter of Ethiop, with great eyes, calm and placid as the Sphynx. Ancient time-honoured type of a beauty that has yielded to the later forms of ideal Greece, with its curl, curled-like lip, delicate, but firmly rounded oval chin, glorious front, and eyes so deeply set beneath they could not squint, nay, nor look furtively aside without turning the whole lordly head.

But what is this to the athletic African, as he sits sullenly, machete in hand, haggling with that fat old lady about the price of a bundle



THE MARKET IN NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.

of grass he has brought from the interior?—the ferocity of his face strangely reminding one of the sons of the Gadites, described in the "Book of Chronicles" "as men fit for the battle, whose faces were like the faces of lions." Though perhaps the physiognomy of my friend resembles more closely the British lion as he appears on a door-knocker. The family likeness is also perceptible in that black-satin boy beside him (with an aldermanic exaggeration of stomach), almost unencumbered by any clothing. More market-girls, bearing burdens on their heads: slow and stately in their every motion, they look as if they could not possibly be surprised into any angularity or sharpness of action—queenly! Yet (as a pleasant writer on the Tropics remarks)—strange to say, from bearing the burden of the slave!—who shall say labour is undignified?

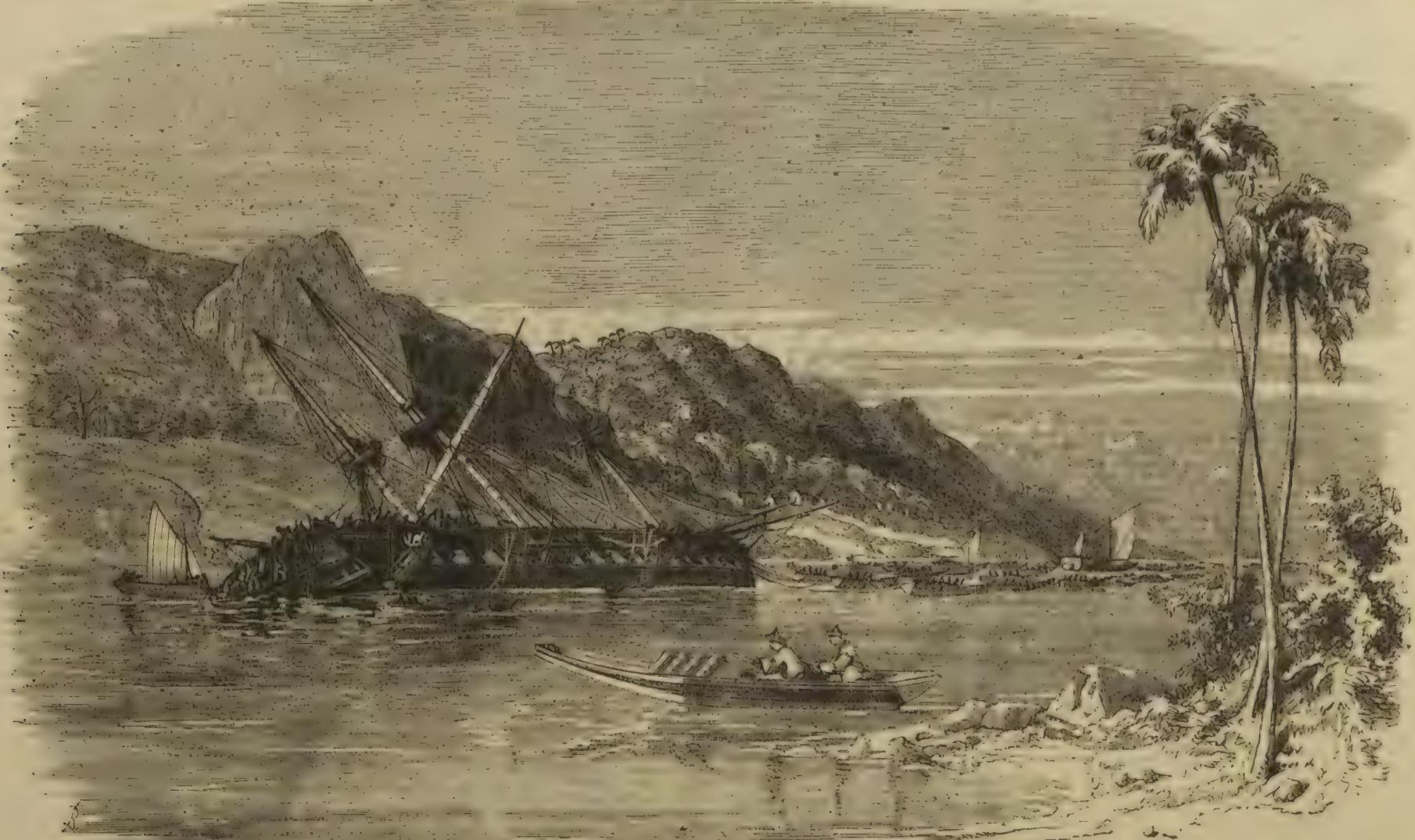
At the date of our Correspondent's letter, September 12, Nassau had just been the scene of great festivity, to celebrate the marriage of Captain Lynge, R.E., to the niece of the Governor of the Bahamas.

EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

The following account of this calamity is from notes taken by a Russian officer descriptive of the effects felt at Simoda, when the Russian frigate *Diana* was wrecked and lost:

and gradually approaching one of the islands.

The ship was now at the mercy of the waves. All command of her was lost; and at one time she fell on her beam-ends, so that it was impossible to stand on deck; but from the gyration she made no shock was felt. This lasted for five minutes, when the water rose and she slipped off, tearing away rudder, half of sternpost, false keel, and a piece of keel eighty-one feet long, besides two planks; and before she righted she described the same circle several times. One of the midship guns broke adrift, and jumped across the two guns on the opposite side, killing one man and injuring four others. At twelve o'clock the current was less violent, and shores were got out and placed against the ship's side. At 12.30 the water again rushed into the bay with the same impetuosity, swinging the ship to and fro as before. This continued until 2.30, during which time she was on her beam-ends five times, but not so much as before; the shores were carried away. The water rose and fell very rapidly; in five minutes it would decrease from 23 feet to 3 feet, and at one time it was so low that all the anchors were visible above water. At three everything was still, and the ship in 22 feet water, making 22 inches every hour, until finally she went down. Around nothing could be seen, but wrecks of junks and fragments of houses: from the roof of one of the latter an old woman was taken, quite insensible.



SCENE OF THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.—SINKING OF 'THE DIANA.'



THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW STEAM-SHIP "PERA."

— TRIAL OF THE SCREW STEAM-SHIP "PERA."

This fine screw steam-ship, which was built for the Peninsular and Oriental Company by Messrs. Mare, of Blackwall, from designs by Mr. James Ash, made an official trial of her speed over the measured mile in Stokes Bay on Saturday last. The *Pera* is now the largest vessel belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, their Leviathan steamer *Himalaya* having been purchased by Government for the transport service. Although of considerably less tonnage, the *Pera*, for accommodation and space, is almost in every respect equal to the *Himalaya*; and her fine lines, when compared with her breadth of beam, have caused her, for power in comparison with tonnage, to be under steam one of the fastest screw-vessels afloat.

The dimensions are:—Length for tonnage, 303 ft. 7 in.; ditto over all, 324 ft.; breadth, 42 feet 3 in.; depth of hold, 27 feet 2 in.; height between decks in the clear, 7 ft.; full tonnage, 2,630. The engines, by Rennie and Co., are of 450-horse power, and are constructed upon the vertical trunk principle, with Lamb and Summer's patent flue boilers. The shaft has a multiplying wheel of two to one. The engines during the trial averaged 33 revolutions, or 66 entire turns of the screw, per minute. The wind was blowing strong from the south-south-west, and after the topgallant yards had been lowered the average of four runs showed a speed of 12½ knots, or equal to 14½ geographical miles per hour. The result proved highly satisfactory to every one present, the impression being that an average of not more than twelve knots would be obtained.

There were on board Messrs. Anderson and Allen, Managing Directors; Admiral Thornton; Messrs. De Salis and Iladow, Directors; Captain Engledue, Superintendent of the Company at Southampton; Mr. Lamb, Superintendent Engineer; Messrs. Hughes and Luke, Government Surveyors; Messrs. Rennie, Summers, &c. In consequence of a domestic ca-

SPLENDID PRESENT FOR
THE KING OF SIAM.

An Inkstand, probably the most brilliant and beautiful article of the kind ever made, has been manufactured by Mr. F. G. Dodd, jeweller, of Cornhill, intended as a present from her Majesty to the chief King of Siam. It is of silver, electro-gilt, and, although not of very great intrinsic value, deserves notice as a work of art. The figures, emblematical of science, and the ornamental portions generally are executed with great taste. The inscription on the inkstand states that it is presented by the Queen to the King of Siam, whose names are fully set forth: they are—Phra Bard Somdet Phra Paramindr Maha Moungkat Phra Chom Klau Chau Yu Illua.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society, the Secretary, on behalf of the Council, submitted to the meeting the name of the chief King of Siam, and that of his brother and subordinate Prince, for election as honorary members of this society.



SILVER-GILT INKSTAND FOR PRESENTATION BY HER MAJESTY TO THE KING OF SIAM.

Inability in the family of Captain Soy, the appointed Commander, the charge of the vessel was intrusted to Captain Weeks, of the steam-ship *Tagus*. The internal fittings of the *Pera* combine every improvement which modern science has produced. Among the most recent may be mentioned the saloon dining-tables, which, although apparently solid single tables, may by an ingenious contrivance be divided, so that a double row may be instantly provided, thereby giving accommodation for a double number of persons. By this means (an invention of Mr. Taylor, of the Borough) 140 can comfortably dine. Upon deck are two powerful steam winches, which are used in the shipment and discharge of cargo, &c., and by which an immense amount of manual labour is saved. Upon the captain's bridge is placed a "helman's telegraph," entirely obviating the necessity of communicating *vix voce*, and which in working ships of great length is found to be an invaluable facility. The *Pera* is also fitted with Cunningham's patent reefing topsails, the advantages of which are now fully established, upwards of 700 vessels having them in use. Previously to her leaving London this vessel was pronounced to be the most perfect steam-ship which had ever left the Thames, and confers great credit upon Mr. Robinson, under whose superintendence she has been fitted, and to whom has been intrusted the fitting of all recent vessels belonging to the company. As the power of the *Pera* is small when compared with the tonnage, the result of the first voyage is looked forward to with interest, and should it prove favourable, of which most sanguine hopes are entertained, the new principle of less power and fine lines will be satisfactorily elucidated. It was the intention of the company to dispatch this vessel with the heavy portion of the India, China, and Mediterranean mails yesterday (Friday).

The claim of these Royal personages consisted in their protection of the interests of science, and in their own personal attainments. The head King is a proficient in the Pali and Sanscrit languages; and has acquired a considerable acquaintance with Latin and English. The second King is stated by Sir J. Bowring to speak and write English with ease and correctness. Both are astronomers, able to take an observation and work an eclipse; and the second King is also a chemist and mechanician. Both have written letters to her Majesty the Queen, in English, which are creditable performances. The head King has entered into a treaty of amity and commerce with this country, which gives Englishmen a right to hold land and to be governed by their own laws in Siam, and grants other valuable privileges—thus opening up to our enterprise a country which has hardly been less shut to us than China itself. Their Majesties were unanimously elected.



CENTRE-PIECE OF THE WILCOX AND ANDERSON SERVICES OF PLATE.—(SEE PAGE 14.)



OPENING OF THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.—TRAIN LEAVING THE VALPARAISO STATION.

THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.

The inauguration of the first eight miles of the Valparaiso and Santiago Railway took place on the 16th of September last, with every demonstration of enthusiasm and satisfaction. This portion of a very difficult and expensive line embraces three miles and a half along the coast, and presents a series of sea walls, breakwaters, and various other shore defences of enormous strength and solidity, the nature of the sea here at times demanding extreme precautions. The syenite rock in this neighbourhood is of the most obdurate character, and immense labour has been required to overcome the obstacles the rugged nature of the shore presented, and at one point a tunnel was rendered necessary, upon a sharp curve. The remainder of the distance through the valley of the Vina del Mar is of a less arduous nature, and the country is extremely beautiful. Beyond this the line yet unfinished will possess features which few English railways present in respect of gradients and other engineering difficulties.

The inauguration took place in the presence of about twenty thousand people, who were perched on every available spot where a view of the ceremony could be obtained. The Governor of Valparaiso, attended by a large military staff, together with all the foreign Consuls, attended; and a large number of troops kept the ground, and the artillery of the National Guard fired frequent salutes. The station had been prettily decorated with triumphal arches, the flags of the various Consuls; and at the extreme end of the terminus had been erected a painted Gothic screen, before which was placed an altar, magnificently furnished with all the usual appointments of the Roman Catholic service. At about eleven a.m. the Bishop of Valparaiso, attended by a large number of the clergy, presented himself before the altar; some prayers were repeated; an oration was delivered, setting forth the advantages of such undertakings; and then the locomotives were introduced, and the ceremony of the benediction took place, the Bishop spreading his hands out towards the engines, and sprinkling them with holy water. The weather was beautiful, and the ceremony was undoubtedly very splendid and impressive, and from its novelty afforded infinite gratification to the brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen upon the platforms of the station, as well as the crowds collected outside.

Immediately after the ceremony had taken place the Governor of Valparaiso, the Bishop, the Directors of the Railway, and about 500 guests, started in a train along the line—the engine (*La Empressa*), which was gaily decorated with Chili flags, being driven by Mr. Lloyd, the chief engineer of the Railway. At various points throughout the distance traversed triumphal arches had been erected, many of which evinced considerable taste and judgment; one representing a group of palm-trees festooned with flowers and decorated with figures of "Peace" and "Liberty," was much admired. At the termination of the line already executed the Railway Directors had prepared a sumptuous *déjeuner*, which was spread beneath the shade of a grove of palm-trees beside a stream; here the whole of the visitors were regaled, several military bands performing during such time lively music.

At dusk the whole returned to Valparaiso highly pleased with their trip, and at the entire success of the first trial of this important line; and for the remainder of the week a succession of fêtes was given by the Directors at the Vina del Mar station. Altogether about 20,000 persons have taken the opportunity of travelling along the line.

On Thursday, the 27th, the Directors invited Mr. Lloyd, their engineer, to a dinner, at which were the Minister of War and most of the eminent merchants of Valparaiso.

The accompanying Views are from photographs taken by Mr. Martineau, one of the engineers of the line.

THE PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

In presenting to our readers the Portrait of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic of Chili, it is our wish not only to introduce to their acquaintance an eminent statesman of the South American peninsula, but also to direct attention to a country whose growing importance, enlightened policy, and increasing relations with England entitle it to be better known than at present it is by the general mass of our countrymen. Chili, of all the independent States which sprung up in South America from the ruins of Spanish dominion, unquestionably occupies the foremost place. Under the animating influence of native rule and of a liberal Constitution, this young Republic has successfully consolidated its institutions: and, by its commercial transactions with England, France, the United States, and other emporiums in both hemispheres, has gradually extended the trade and developed the internal resources of the country.

Contrasted with the sluggish pace at which some nations, even in the Old World, advance in the path of improvement, Chili exhibits a wise and spirited promptitude to profit by the numerous valuable discoveries and useful contrivances achieved by the enterprising genius of the present age.

It is now some time since the new system of locomotion, which by its celerity and cheapness incites to intercourse and makes close neighbours of distant communities, has been introduced into Chili. There also is known that beautiful invention, whose wonderful power imparts to our words the wings of lightning; and the astonished Chileno beholds the slender wire throbbing with the hopes and fears, the wants and sympathies of man. The financial ability and public integrity of the Chilian nation are now fully recognised. This is a fact which it requires no elaborate arguments or parade of figures to establish. A single and simple proof may suffice—the well-sustained rate of the Chilian "per cents;" and though the test may not seem very magnificent, it is, at all events, quite conclusive.

Chili, as before intimated, enjoys free institutions; and the Chilian "Bill of Rights" leaves nothing to be desired on the score of civil liberty yet it is much to be deplored that this charter of freedom is in one part disfigured by the stain of religious intolerance. It must be confessed, however, that Chili in this respect but follows in the wake of other countries in some of which juster ideas now, happily, flourish, though their growth has been slow and laborious; for it is a sad reflection that in every age and clime the last rights fully and frankly acknowledged have been almost invariably the rights of conscience. By the constitutional statute of Chili none but Roman Catholics can meet together for the public worship of God; but we find that practically this interdict is not enforced in all its rigour, for at the thriving port of Valparaiso, "where merchants most do congregate," the English residents regularly assemble for the celebration of Divine service, according to the Protestant faith, in a hall, where the officiating minister is an English clergyman, and the authorities wisely wink at the infraction of their own law. As there exists an intimate union between civil and religious liberty, we may safely predict that this favour will gradually become a right. The government of Chili is in form Republican, and in many respects, but not in all, resembles that of the United States of America. The Legislative authority is vested in a Senate and Chamber of



DON MANUEL MONTT, PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

Deputies, both elective. The constituency consists of all native and naturalised citizens of legal age, possessing a small property qualification, either of real estate or annual income. There are certain circumstances, moral as well as physical, creating an incapacity to vote; and among them is one worth specifying as an example of the importance attached by the Chilian Legislature to the diffusion of education. Every man unable to read and write is excluded from the franchise; and of this disqualification none can complain, since instruction is within the reach of all. The rich can obtain it at their own expense, and to the poor it is offered gratuitously by the State. Like Englishmen, the Chilians can boast that their country offers a generous asylum to those unfortunate refugees whom revolutions of Government—not very rare events in South America—drive from their native home. The supreme executive authority of the State is exercised by the President, who is elected to the office quinquennially.

In the early and troubled years of the infant Republic, when intestine contentions rendered not infrequent an appeal to the arbitrament of arms, it is not surprising that those who wielded the victorious sword clutched the Presidency as their rightful prize. This military domination threatened to continue long after the evils which gave rise to it; and, until a few years ago, Chili had for its Presidents, with scarcely an interruption, from the period of the Independence in 1818, a succession of fortunate Generals. The constant possession of supreme executive power by a particular set of men, accustomed to find in the soldiery a ready instrument for the execution of their behests, and one after another obtaining superiority in the State mainly by violence or intrigue, is calculated to raise in their minds visions of ambition, which at the first favourable opportunity may be realised in the utter extinction of the liberties of a people. This fate seemed at one time impending over the destinies of Chili; for so daring had the military party become that, when the young Republic, feeling its growing strength, wished to dispense with the dangerous care of its martial nurses, and, accordingly, in 1851, chose for President by an overwhelming majority a meritorious civilian in preference to a General, they treated with contumely the national decision; and, with the intent of establishing a military dictatorship, involved the country for a time in the horrors of a bloody convulsion.

Fortunately this revolutionary attempt was at last overcome, and Don Manuel Montt, the present Chief of the Executive in Chili, was firmly installed in his office, and now enjoys the distinction of being the first civil President of this rising state. About forty-five years ago Senor Montt was born, of humble parentage, in the small Chilian town of Petorca; and it is solely by eminent talents, the force of an energetic mind, and the influence of a popular and estimable character, that he has raised himself to his present high position. Early in life he evinced the spirit of an intelligent reformer, and being promoted from a subordinate appointment to the rectorship of the University of Santiago de Chili—his own *alma mater*—he at once materially improved the educational course at the chief seat of learning in his native country; and at the same time became conspicuous by his zealous advocacy of a system of popular education, in the maintenance and perfection of which Chili, to her honour be it known, expends a liberal proportion of her annual revenues. Having by such useful labours earned the approbation and confidence of his fellow-citizens, Don Manuel Montt was called from this more humble sphere of action to high offices of State; and, as the Minister of the Interior, he discharged important public functions with such great benefit to the nation, that at length his grateful countrymen conferred on him the highest honour in their power to bestow—the Presidency of the Republic. Senor Montt has fully justified the choice. By his administrative capacity he soon effaced the afflicting traits of civil strife; and Chili, tranquil and industrious, with an augmenting population, an extending commerce, and an overflowing exchequer, moves onward in its course of progressive prosperity.

* Upon one occasion an Admiral of the Chilian fleet was made President, but reigned long before his term of office expired.



THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.—BRIDGE AT VALPARAISO.

THE MORMONS.—LATEST NEWS.

By the last packet from the United States we received several numbers of the *Deseret News*, a weekly paper of the Great Salt Lake City, which circulates 4000 copies, and which is very like many other second-class American journals. It contains tolerably full accounts of our war, in which the Mormons—who have some of their people fighting in our army—take a great interest adverse to Russia. A very detailed life of Joe Smith, the founder of the sect, is in the course of publication in each successive number. The sermons of the different “Elders” of the Church are reported; elections, arrivals and departures of missionaries and immigrants, and other business are described; the season and the crops are adverted to; the deaths of distinguished members of the society noticed; and a variety of other matters are mentioned interesting alike to the “Saints” at home and abroad, and to persons everywhere who do not belong to the community. Numerous extracts are inserted from foreign journals, and numerous moral stories, some after the homely and instructive manner of Franklin, others borrowed from the kindly and affectionate school-books of the Germans showing a strong desire in the people to encourage social virtues. The diatribes which continually appear in American and English journals against the disorders and vices of cities are aid held of by the journalist to exalt the decencies and virtues of the people of Utah. Notes remind them when to sow wheat and when to graft peach-trees, and give them practical hints on many branches of agriculture and horticulture. Taking a much higher flight, Elder Orson Pratt lectures on planetary motion, the exact law of which he there announces as a discovery of his own—“the cube roots of the densities of the planets are as the square roots of their periods of rotation,” and gives numerous illustrations in algebraic terms and forms. He is also voluntarily to undertake the task of instructing the Saints, old and young, in all the mysteries of astronomy. Nor is this the only branch of high and abstract science cultivated in the Great City of the Salt Lake. A body of persons amongst ourselves known as the phonetics has undertaken to reform our orthography, and no student of the subject but is convinced that the system of English orthography, to use the mild language of the “Deseret Typographical Association,” is very imperfect and inadequate to the end it is designed to serve. Accordingly the Mormons, carrying their ideas vigorously and boldly into action, for which they are distinguished, have invented the “Deseret Alphabet,” which supplies a simple character to most of the simple sounds of the human voice, substantially correcting the absurdities of the English spelling, rendering more definite the pronunciation of words, and more easy the acquisition of other languages, and lessening to a very great extent for the rising generation the labour of learning to read; they have cast a type for it, and are about to print and publish in it. All these proposed improvements are really wanted, are clear and precise, and apparently the Mormons are setting vigorously and reasonably to work to purify the English orthography, and promote the “use of a pure language.” There are many allusions in the journal to the organisation of this singular sect—to its schools, colleges, and industrial labour; but we have said enough of it to inform our readers of its characteristics, and to convince them that the Mormons cultivate some of the noblest sciences and some of the most abstract arts.

Two views at least may be taken of most subjects. There is nothing in earth or heaven which the young and the jubilant may not turn into fun, and from which the aged and the reflecting may not draw serious lessons—lessons, perhaps, of sadness and sorrow, which are the offspring of their own minds. On this occasion we are disposed to take the serious and earnest view of this Mormon colony, established in a country previously described as an “uninhabitable desert,” which for centuries had been counted as a part of Mexico, but had been made no use of, “in which the rains of heaven cannot be relied on to any great extent for the cultivation of the soil.” “The earth is destitute of trees, and in great part also of any vegetation whatever.” The whole progress of the State of Utah, therefore, is due, as an American statistical writer observes, to the “intelligence and forces of the people.” We can but recognise, therefore, in the Mormons, whatever may be their religious tenets, or their moral observances, the existence of those commonly called heroic virtues, which enable man to subdue the rude earth, overcome matter, and convert a desert into a blooming garden. It was in 1847 that Brigham Young, when the great Temple of Nauvoo, on which 1,000,000 dols. had been expended, was burned by the people of Illinois; and the Mormons, driven forth into the wilderness, started with a company of 143 pioneers to find a new and safe home for the persecuted Saints. On the 24th of July, after following a trapper’s trail for 400 miles, and performing a journey in all of 650 miles by a new road, conducted as the journal says, by “the hand of the Almighty,” for no person knew of the valley, Mr. Young and his companions reached the present site of the colony. In the autumn 700 waggons with the families of the wanderers arrived and found the ground covered with a species of dry grass and myriads of black crickets on which the Indians fed. Spring brought another thousand waggons, but the scanty crops prepared by the first-comers were destroyed by the crickets, which came down in great multitudes from the mountains. Allies, however, appeared sent, say the Mormons, by the Almighty in the shape of large flocks of gulls which devoured the mammoth crickets, and vomiting them up almost as fast as they swallowed them went on devouring and destroying them. Struggling against all these difficulties the people made themselves a home in the desert. They organised themselves as a church—Brigham Young was the President, Heber C. Kemball and Willard Richards his counsellors (the latter is since dead); there were twelve apostles, and John Smith (since dead), the son, we believe, of Joseph, was ordained Patriarch over the Church. Pass over two years to 1850, and, according to the Census, Utah contained in that year 11,380 persons, of whom 9355 were born in the States. They had 30,516 acres of land in occupation, of which 16,833 acres were improved; great quantities of farm implements, live animals, and a crop of wheat of 107,702 bushels. In 1855, according to the *Deseret News*, the settlements in the territory—extending from north to south, wherever water can be had, 350 miles. There are 50,000 inhabitants, about fifty saw-mills, and great abundance of good wheat, corn, and vegetables, the product of industry irrigating the naturally barren soil. The tabernacle in Deseret is 126 by sixty-four feet, and is arched without a column; in the city are twenty-four good school-houses, and all through the territory similar school-houses have been built. The Church has 95 missionaries in Europe, and an equal number in other countries; and has branches in Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, the islands of the Pacific, and Africa. From the commencement of the society till the present moment, every little act of the founder, his associates, and followers, supplies a proof how completely enthusiasm can affect its objects, how masterful is mind over matter, and how little man can know *a priori* from what small seeds great trees are to grow. Nothing ever appeared more wild than the Mormon prophet’s scheme—more hopeless, more absurd, and less likely to attain any success; but, in spite of all predictions, though such a result was never anticipated by himself, it has led to peopling the centre of America, to connecting the eastern coast with the west, and probably to the discoveries of gold in California, which are likely to change the whole course of trade, and give a complete new phase to society. In spite of our dislike to the whole of the Mormonite creed, and to one part more especially—which is justly reprobated throughout the civilised world, but which by them is boldly avowed, boldly carried into action, and is not accompanied by the hypocrisy which too often characterises the different systems in the cities of Europe—we must admit that these far-fetched have overcome many difficulties, and achieved extraordinary success.

HYMN TO THE NEW YEAR.

O TENDER Spirit-child! Half-robed in snow
Thou com’st, thy white wings ruffled in the wind.
How, mother-like, we wearied for thy voice!
Spanning the bridge of darkness with a bound,
Our souls leaped forth to meet thee on thy way:
Now, in the fulness of the perfect time,
Clasped in the Old Year’s fatherhood of love,
Lie all our weeping days: and thou art here,
Heaven-born into the world without a cry!

Gracious, and pure! Fresh from the touch of God,
In all thine aspects beautiful art thou!
Whether the frosted stars or icy moon
Glance at thee sidelong; or the joyous sun,
Speeding to hail thee from the opening East,
Shine on thy young face looking to the dawn—
Lovely in all! To feel thee is a Prayer.
Life’s in thy breath, and heaven in thy smile;
And sorrow dies around thee—like the night.

We clasp—we hold thee! Every grateful sense
And every faltering motion of the lip
Cries out to bless thee. Yet, a little while,
And thou shalt melt into the fading prime:
Thy place shall know thee never more; but, snapt,
Like some fine chord of music in the soul,
Thy thread of life shall drop. Yet mourn not we,
For at the sacred pause of thy dear breath
The songs of angels drown the sobbing world;
And when thou’rt led to thine appointed rest
To meet the long-extinguished race of days,
From thy dead dust the living Christ upsprings.

Hark—hark the strain! Quick at thine onward tread
Rings out a solemn cadence of sweet sound,
Poured from each ancient belfry, full and deep,
Voiced round thee like a breeze! ‘Twould almost seem
Those rays thou wearest as a crown, were born
Of His great glory who but now did rise
From out a dead year’s ashes: those same bells
Which heralded His coming, scarce had stilled
Their hallowed music, ere thine advent woke
Through every thrilling tongue a new accord!
So be it, gracious God! So touch our days
That all their goodly cycle shall rise, crowned,
Rich with thy glory; and, to these our souls,
With each lost year send thou the patient Christ!

E. L. HERVEY.

KING FIFTY-SIX.

AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

O DREARY bells! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
‘Tis Fifty-Five whose doom they
ring;
The lord of earth will die ere long,
And Fifty-Six will be the King.
Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The time is
near
When he must die—tis aged year.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! We may
not laugh—
We cannot weep to see him go:
A leafless pine-tree for a staff,
He wanders o’er the waste of snow;
A weak old King who left undone
The noble deed his sires begun.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! It is his
knell.
The cold stars shine upon his
track;—
Yet stay, O King!—heed not the
bell—
The little children call thee back!
O Fifty-Five! we fain would take
Kind leave of thee for their dear sake.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Let prayers
be said—
The poor old King is dying fast;
Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The King
is dead—
He’s gone to join his sires at last.
O Fifty-Six! O Fifty-Six!
On thee our earnest eyes we fix.

Of all thy race, thou New-born
Year!
I can remember twenty kings;
The first was he who brought me
here;
His memory to my spirit clings.
I love him more than all the rest—
He laid me on my Mother’s breast.

And then my smiling sister came—
The pride and glory of my heart!
A Rose in nature and in name,
Whose loveliness shall not depart.
O generous year, that didst entwine
Around my heart this flower divine.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The bells
have ceased;
The festive winds blow loud and
long;
The King is come to join our feast—
A jovial King that loves a song!
Hurrah! hurrah! The King is come!
Sound the trumpet—beat the drum!

O Fifty-six, thou glorious lord!
Accept our earnest fealty-vows;
We shout thy name across the board—
We bind thy lofty Titan brows!
We jest and laugh, we dance and sing—
We drink to thee, thou new-born
King!—G. E. M.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR’S EVE.

A FRIEND stands at the door,
In either closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score,
Waiting to strew them daily o’er the land,
Even as his seed the sower;
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by—
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This shut, warm hand of thine;
And loose for ever, with one sighing gasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers’ twine
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or tender; having been, we know
That it was blessed; let the Old Year go!

O New Year, teach us Faith:
The road of life is hard:
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to One whose visage was more marred
Than any man’s; who saith,
“Make straight paths for your feet: O Israel, hear;
This is the way—walk in it without fear.”

Hang out some lamp-like, Hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind Year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, O bring before our fading eyes
The light of God—the Hope which never dies.

Comfort our souls with Love
Love of all human kind;
Love dear and close, that, like a sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And Love which looks above
Adoringly, contented to resign
All loves, if needs be, for the Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We’ll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end;
Knowing thou leadest us onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.—D.

PERFUMERY.*

It was a dictum of the celebrated Beau Brummell that no man of fashion should use perfumes, but send his linen to be washed and dried on Hampstead Heath. Few subscribed to this arbitrary mandate; and it certainly opposed all precedent, both in ancient and modern times. The use of aromatics in the East may be dated from the remotest antiquity; and, even at the present day, to sprinkle guest with rose-water and perfume them with aloes-woot, at the close of every visit, is deemed a token of hospitality and friendship. Arabia is the country of perfumes; and in more ancient times it was the practice to keep them in shells, which were thrown up large and beautiful on the shores of the Red Sea. Horace alludes to the same practice as prevalent at Rome when he flourished.—

Funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis.

Perfumes were also thought to keep well in vessels made of alabaster. Pliny explains the shape of these vessels by comparing them to the pearls called *clenchi*, which are known to have been shaped like pearls. In hot climates fragrant oils dispersed unpleasant odours which heat is apt to generate, and thus became essential to the enjoyment of social life. The poets of Greece and Rome were loud in the praise of perfumes. Thus Anacreon (Ode XV.) exclaims:—

Let my hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow.

The magic skill of Medea consisted in her skill as a perfumer, and as an inventress of warm vapour-baths. Mr. Beloe, translating “Palethatus,” says of her that she first of all discovered a flower which could make the colour of the hair black or white: such, therefore, as wished to have black hair instead of white, by her means obtained their wish. That the professors of the medical art might not discover her secrets she used fomentations in her baths in secret. These made men more active, and improved their health; and as her apparatus consisted of a cauldron, wood, and fire, it was believed that her patients were in reality boiled. Pelias, an old and infirm man, using this operation, died in the process.

But these practices were not confined to Oriental nations: for Herodotus (“Melpomene,” c. lxxv.) says:—“The Scythian women bruise under a stone some wood of the cypress, cedar, and frankincense; upon this they pour a quantity of water till it becomes of a certain consistency, with which they anoint the body and the face. This at the time imparts an agreeable odour, and when removed on the following day gives the skin a soft and beautiful appearance.” In the athletic exercises of the Olympic games, wrestlers and pancratists always anointed their limbs to render them more supple. In Greece the perfumes of Athens were most esteemed, as we learn from a curious passage preserved in Athenaeus, from a fragment of the writings of Antiphenes, and the whole may amuse our readers. It runs thus, showing from what countries different degrees of excellence were obtained in his time:—“A cook from Elis; a cauldron from Argos; wine of Phlius; tapestry of Corinth; fish from Sicyon; cheese from Sicily; the perfumes of Athens; and the sels of Boeotia.”

Mr. Piesse’s book is curious, amusing, and instructive. He is a botanist and analytical chemist, and has been no careless reader of history. Perfumery, once a mystery to the millions, is now an open volume to all who profit by Mr. Piesse’s researches and disclosures; and, no doubt, it will find a place on every toilet-table, for it deserves the patronage of the fair sex. The localities in which the perfuming branch of industry is cultivated are thus pointed out:—

In the south of France more than 80,000 persons are employed, directly or indirectly, in the cultivation of flowers, and in the extract of their odours for the use of perfumers. Italy cultivates flowers for the same purpose to an extent employing land as extensive as the whole of some English counties: tracts of flower-farms exist in the Balkan, in Turkey, more extensive than the whole of Yorkshire. Our own flower-farms at Mitcham, in Surrey, need not be mentioned in comparison, though important. These are the main sources of perfumes. There are other sources at Thibet, Tonquin, and in the West Indies.

We are next made acquainted with the commercial value of perfumes and flowers:—

British India and Europe consume annually, at the very lowest estimate, 150,000 gallons of perfumed spirits, under various titles, such as eau de Cologne, essence of lavender, esprit de rose, &c. The art of perfumery does not, however, confine itself to the production of scents for the handkerchief and baths, but extends to imparting odour to inodorous bodies, such as soap, oil, starch, and grease, which are consumed at the toilette of fashion. Some idea of the commercial importance of this art may be formed when we state that one of the large perfumers of Grasse and Paris employs annually 80,000 lb. of orange flowers; 60,000 lb. of cassia flowers; 54,000 lb. of rose-leaves; 32,000 lb. of jasmine blossoms; 32,000 lb. of violets; 20,000 lb. of tuberoses; 16,000 lb. of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in larger proportions. In fact, the quantity of odorous substances used in this way is beyond the conception of those even used to abstract statistics.

There are many perfumes of animal origin, as ambergris, civet, castor, and musk. The first of these substances is found in the stomachs of the most voracious fish, and in the intestines of the spermatic whale. It is also found floating near the islands of Sumatra, Molucca, and Madagascar, and on the coasts of China, Japan, Brazil, and Coromandel. In 1691 a lump was found on the beach of the county of Sligo, in Ireland, which weighed fifty-two ounces. It is to be observed that the famous Robert Boyle considers ambergris to be a vegetable production. The perfume of ambergris is very sensitive, as the odour is retained in handkerchiefs after having been washed.

The civet cat is a native of the East, and the substance it secretes is principally brought to this country and to other European markets from Calicut and Bassora. It requires to be diluted with a thousand times its volume of oil or spirit.

The musk deer lives in the mountainous districts which girdle round the north of India, and in Siberia, Thibet, and China, and in the Altai range near Lake Baikal. The male alone yields the substance of the perfume. Musk is imported into England from China in caddies from fifty to one hundred ounces each. That which comes from Bou-tan, Tonquin, and Thibet, is most valued; that from Russia is deemed inferior in quality. Musk is one of the most remarkable substances, for it has been kept in drawers for more than a century, throwing forth its odour, without losing any appreciable portion of its weight.

In Mr. Piesse’s volume will be found ample particulars on all Smelling Salts, and on their modes of preparation; also on Essential Oils or Ottos, and Essences, Bouquets and Nosegays, and Compound Odours. In an interesting chapter on Soap we are told that the earliest record of the soap trade in England is contained in a pamphlet in the British Museum, printed in 1641. The excise-duty on soap, repealed in 1853, had been in force since the reign of Charles the First, and established a monopoly in the hands of a few rich capitalists. Not less than a ton could be made at one time, and the restrictions in the method of manufacture were so arbitrary, and at the same time so absurd, that improvement in the article was practically prohibited, as no one was allowed to deviate from the ancient process. We have then a learned dissertation on milks and emulsions, or cosmetics, as they are usually called in the perfumery trade. The invention of cold cream is attributed to Galen, the celebrated physician of Pergamos, called in pharmacy, Coratum Galeni, but the modern formula for its preparation differs essentially from the original method. Hair-dries and depilatories are next brought under consideration, and the practices of the Moorish Arab, Egyptian, and Greek ladies are described. Among the moderns the Armenians residing in Constantinople are the most skilful in preparing a black dye for the hair, and their charges for teaching the art are very high. In Mr. Piesse’s varied volume dentifrices are not overlooked. We have endeavoured to give a full and faithful account of its contents, and, as every process is explained, any person can obtain and mix up the ingredients. In respect to those perfumes which are wholly or chiefly extracted from flowers, if ladies living in rural districts will amuse themselves with studying botany, they may soon be skilled in the art and mystery to which this work is dedicated.

“The Art of Perfumery, or the Methods of Obtaining the Odours of Plants.” By G. W. Septimus Piesse. London: Longman and Co.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA

(From our Artist and Special Correspondent.)

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, Dec. 15, 1855

Our Camp was startled a few days ago out of the most somnolent state by several remarkable facts, asserted with such astounding assurance, and from such good authority, that every one believed them. Some of them were disagreeable, others pleasant. In the first place, Kars, closely blockaded by the Russians after the failure of Mouravieff's 'saul', had capitulated, the garrison retiring with all the honours of war; in the second, Russia, though the medium of Prussia, had proposed terms of peace; and in the next, Marshal Pelissier had been recalled to Paris to assist the councils of the Emperor with his advice as to the prospects of the future campaign, and the effect those prospects might have upon the terms likely to be offered by Russia. But the crowning pinnacle of this edifice of fable was the statement that Marshal Pelissier had left the Crimea in a vessel placed at his disposal, for the purpose of proceeding at once to Marseilles. The arguments for and against the probability of peace, derived from these fertile sources, were extremely interesting and amusing. It was supposed that Russia had taken the capitulation of Kars as an event counterbalancing the capture of Sebastopol, and that proceeding from this basis she would offer terms which England and France could not accept. Marshal Pelissier could not but enlighten the Emperor of the French as to the precarious position of the Russians in the Crimea; and the public mind was fluttering between hopes of peace and fears lest Russia should escape the beating we expect to give her in spring.

The first blow struck at this edifice of "shaves" was the announcement that, whatever might have befallen Kars, the General-in-Chief or his part, knew nothing of its capitulation. This was a sore annoyance to the great political argumentators. Then it appeared that Marshal Pelissier, instead of being tossed on the billows of the Black Sea on his way to France, had comfortably enjoyed his breakfast as usual at head-quarters. In the confusion caused by this stunning intelligence, the Russian proposals of peace vanished, leaving every one to ruminate over that old and ever-vexing question—the weather.

In truth, the season had exhibited for the last few weeks symptoms of unusual severity, and at the time when all the hopes of the Camp were concentrated on the subjects I have noticed, a cold north wind was blowing over the elevated plain of Sebastopol. Along the frozen roads parties of navvies were filling up large holes with metal. Working detachments from various regiments were passing up from Balaclava laden with materials for huts, or carrying warm clothing; whilst toiling up the ascents might be seen the dirty carts and men of the Land Transport Corps performing the usual duties assigned to them. There is no body of men, no number of animals, so much to be pitied at this moment as those of the Land Transport. Ministering as they do to the wants of the soldiers, carrying up provisions, clothes, and wood for them, they have had but little opportunity to look out for themselves, and so the animals lie for the most part picketed in the open air, wallowing in mud, where the men are to attend and look after them. This is a pity, for although the corps is not at present in the efficient state which is desirable, it is like most new experiments, capable of receiving considerable improvement; and the services which men and mules are likely to render in spring, if they are put in order, as I trust they will, are incalculable. That efforts are now being made to improve their position I am aware; but, owing to the bad weather, which has prevented the arrival of numerous ships at Balaclava, these efforts have been almost vain. The wind and rain, which rendered the Black Sea so uncomfortable for ships, did not increase the pleasure of camp life. It was during the period when their presence was incessant, that the benefit of the new roads so energetically laid down and so ably executed in autumn was felt. Although at the worst time these roads suffered from the general bad weather, and the rain wore holes into the newly-broken stone, the excellent drainage prepared in time, as well as the constant removal of mud, left it in a fair state for the continuance of traffic—so that now, when frost has sent in, there is scarcely a highway in the United Kingdom which can be called better than that from Balaclava to the Camp. As for the spots in which no roads were made, it is impossible to conceive deeper sloughs or more unsafe ground to move upon. If you can fancy the sea lashed into ungovernable fury, with a small bark endeavouring to make its way through it, now cresting the wave, then wallowing in its trough, heaving, straining, and hardly advancing, you may then form an idea of the position of water-carriers or fatigue men crossing the plains of mud and filth, leaping from heap to heap where a likelihood of bare ground appears, then stumbling into holes, and finally reaching home drenched, dreary, and uncomfortable. Let the scene be at night, and you might catch a glimpse of a light held by some solitary wanderer dancing about like a jack-o'-lantern, now disappearing behind a bank of mud, then struggling up, advancing slowly with such fantastic motions as to give the whole thing an appearance of an unreal and spirit-like kind.

In the midst of all this the men preserve their health admirably, although the huts in which they live are none of them water-tight, and the cold is to a certain extent felt there. In the mean while the Commander-in-Chief is actively engaged in preparations for the spring, and the tents have all been ordered into store to be repaired for future use. A regular school of musket drill has been opened, and the soldiers are rapidly learning the use of the rifle—targets having been erected everywhere and cartridges served out for practice.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Gullsgaard, near Falmouth, Dec. 15, 1855.

Gyllyngdum, near Falmouth, Dec. 15, 1855.
In the letter which I sent you from the Crimea in September last, some remarks which I made expressive of regret that our medical officers and ambulance had not been "sent" to the field on the Tchernaya, have been so misconstrued as to cause annoyance to a very valuable body of men. I have already explained, in reply to Mr. Wright's letter in the *Times*, which I saw only at Gibraltar, that it was far from my intention to censure individually the officers of our medical department. I know them to be deserving of all possible praise for activity, humanity, and zeal; and I am personally indebted for very much kind attention on the part of several of those gentlemen.

To Mr. Wright's friendship and courtesy, also, I owe very much of the comfort I enjoyed during the time I spent in the Crimea; and he has added to the obligation I already felt by the gentlemanlike manner in which he has noticed my letter. Another individual (Mr. Monat), I have since seen, has animadverted on my letter in a style very far different, and, for the rank he claims as "Staff-Surgeon, first class," neither sensibly nor becomingly. Indeed, I am hardly justified in taking any notice of a writer, whose student-like flippancy and hospital impertinence are so little creditable to the taste and breeding of a gentleman, and far less to the true courage of a soldier. But his testimony is too serviceable to be lost. I said that our medical officers, ambulance, &c., on the first day, were not "*sent*"; and Mr. Monat has very unwillingly confirmed this assertion. I said again, not that some might not be there, but that "neither could I find, nor had any one seen, a British surgeon on the field;" and he has justified me in this assertion also, by giving, like Mr. Wright, an excuse for there being so few that on so extensive a field, amidst 3000 wounded, nothing more likely than that such a paucity in numbers should escape one man's most anxious search for them. That search was made by me with feelings of the deepest commiseration for many sufferers, more particularly for one young Russian officer, whom I found in most pitiable agony; and as it was made some considerable time before the Russians reopened fire, I had not the excuse with which your correspondent so willingly

taunts me, of being "so flustered as to have been unable to distinguish British medical officer." Whatever might have been my own want of nerve "in such a scene of confusion," I do not apprehend that some twenty, at least, of British officers, naval and military, to whom I must have applied were also similarly "flustered" when they assured me they had been no more fortunate than myself. The fact is apparent that so few were the number who got down to the plain, or ventured to interfere, that they were not found by others as well as myself, seeking and inquiring for them in the considerable portion which was traversed. All honour to those whose names have been mentioned, and all other medical men there; but I do not blame those who were not. I blame only the want of promptitude on the part of our authorities who should have instantly placed at the disposal of our allies as many of our medical officers as we could have very well spared after ten o'clock last morning, and the ambulance which with our reserves, at least, were likely to remain idle.

The statement of the most value, however, is—"That several civil surgeons from the General Hospital in the Camp proceeded to the field at an early hour the following morning, but were warned back by the French sentries." Now Sir, does not this exhibit the irregular and haphazard manner in which we were acting? All our activity resolves itself into the honourable benevolence of a few volunteers. In the first place, to deal with this passage, my complaint has no reference to "the following morning;" and, consequently, the statement about the civil surgeons does not affect its truth one iota, but confirms its reasonableness. If these gentlemen had been "sent," they would not have been warned back by any sentries the moment they had stated their authority to the French officers; or, if they had been properly instructed, even how and where to proceed, they would have waited at the wooden bridge at the Sardinian end of the plain, or they would have proceeded over the base of the hill and got down to the Traktil-bridge, or to still farther points of communication by which, all day long, the wounded were brought in on stretchers, and deposited in groups until the mule litters or ambulances successively returned for the sufferers. At one of these points, just under the position the artillery of the Imperial Guard had occupied, I remained with the assistant-surgeon who kindly accompanied me; and here beside the small white octagon building there was a number of wounded already collected, whom my friend assisted, and others were being brought in as fast as the fatigue parties could carry them. We met with every facility on the part of the French officers, and, with the sanction of a General who came up, the officer of the guard allowed us to remove some of the wounded on his stretchers, and convey them by bearers over the hill, a mile or more, to an hospital. All this would have been better done by authority, if medical officers civil or military, had been "sent."

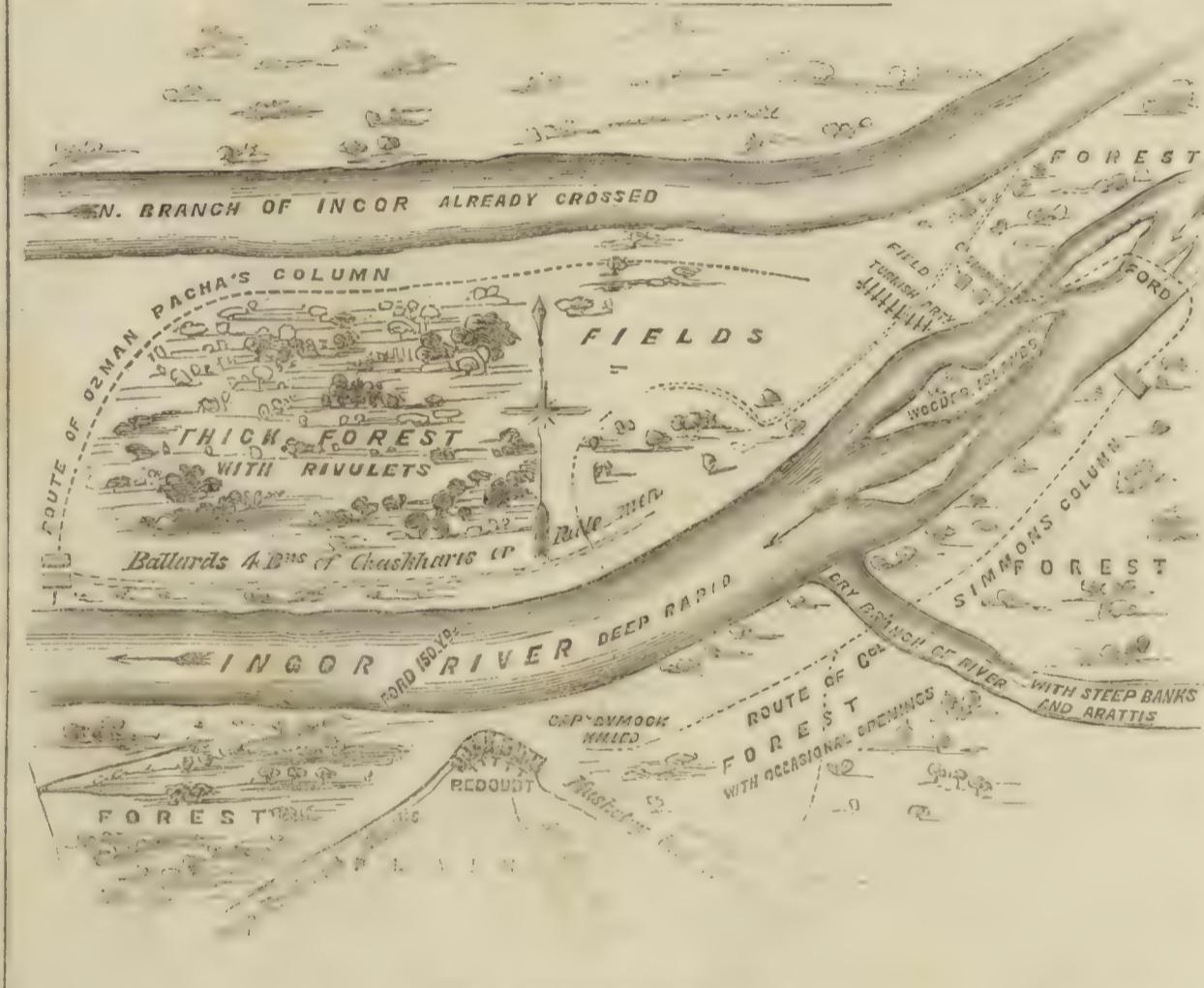
Your correspondent struggles to grow witty on my vanity for supposing that the "white horse" I rode attracted the Russian fire. I have yet to learn that the colour of a horse which is distinctive of age could be matter for vanity; but any man will understand how at a distance it might more quickly attract attention and offer a fairer mark to the gunners. I am not responsible

for the colour of a horse which, being left for the public service was, without my choice, sent for my use. But is there anything so extraordinary in a man on horseback, whatever the hue of his animal, attracting the Russian fire, that he must be ridiculed for vanity who speaks of it? Why, your correspondent must know that the reason why the civil surgeons were "warned back," was because even one solitary mounted man was sure to be fired on the moment he was seen on the plain. I claim no honour, when I give only a natural reason for being disturbed, and "those who were assisting me," while relieving the wounded; and least of all did I wish it to be inferred that I "imagined it to be only intended for me and my white horse." I knew very well, wherever a mounted man was seen, he was immediately fired on; and probably at that time other groups, like Mr. Monat, "shared the fire of the Russian heavy guns." But as I happened to be, just then, the only mounted person with the particular group on the spot referred to, I am not conscious of any inordinate vanity in *supposing* that so conspicuous a mark as my aged horse, probably tempted the Russian gunners in our direction, as my other "white horse," or any horse at all, may have offered a target in any other. Your correspondent knows that no horseman could, nor I believe can, pass down the quays of Sebastopol without being fired at by the northern forts.

He thinks, however, to fasten on me, in his own polished expressions, "that which is untrue, wicked, and mischievous" by denying that I could place "knapsacks" under the heads of the wounded—first, because the Russians had "no knapsacks with them," and, secondly, because "the operation" could not be performed without "dismounting." The word "knapsack" is either a misprint or an error of my pen for *haversack*; but still it is not correct to say there were no knapsacks, although the Russians did not generally bear them. I saw more than one; and I am not sure whether I should not have been literally correct in saying that I had "knapsacks" placed under their heads. Whether they were knapsacks, pouches, or haversacks, or anything else *substituting a pillow*, the truthfulness of my meaning is little affected by the hypercritical caviling of a Staff-surgeon. I wish him joy, however, of his ingenuity in discovering the difficulty of the "operation" "without dismounting." Nevertheless, had he, with more candour and less irritation, referred to my words, he would have found that I said, "by having their knapsacks placed under their heads," and that I had elsewhere referred to "those who assisted me."

Warned by the melancholy failure of Mr. Monat, I will not conclude with a feeble attempt to be witty; but I cannot forbear seriously suggesting to him when next he writes for your paper, that it will be more creditable to his position as an officer and a Christian, to abstain from personalities and impertinencies; or if by some deplorable infirmity, he cannot restrain his language, let him remember it will be more consistent with the semi-military rank he enjoys, though probably not quite so safe for his person, to be less n red of impunity, by the profession of the individual he insults.

WM. JNO. COOKE.



THE PASSAGE OF THE INGADE

THE PASSAGE OF THE INGOUR.

THE above plan of the ground on which Omer Pacha's late victory took place will enable our readers to understand the strategy by which he succeeded in forcing the passage of a broad and rapid river, notwithstanding the strong position occupied by the enemy. The second ford having been discovered, Omer Pacha ordered a simultaneous attack on both points. Osman Pacha, with six battalions, crossed the Ingour in the face of the enemy, on the right, driving him from the bank at the point of the bayonet; while in the centre Colonel Simmonds, with two battalions of infantry, and Ballard's rifles, dashed through the stream and carried the intrenchment by storm. These two successful operations decided the day. The Russians, driven from the battery, fled in confusion; and, finding the day had gone against them, and that a victorious enemy had turned their left flank, they abandoned the fort of Ruchi; and the whole of the Turkish army was transferred to the left bank of the Ingour.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN THE CRIMEA.—The complaints against the new huts are numerous and well founded, and during the recent wet weather it was seriously proposed to remove the men out of the huts and put them into double tents. They never were intended, I presume, to keep out water without some felt or waterproof covering, and up to the present moment none has been provided, and not even the tar and pitch in one of the vessels at Balacava can be landed. Still this will be a joyous Christmas, as far as it can be away from friends and home. Solitary subalterns ride out to Miskonis, and gaze gloomily on the beautiful mistletoe which grows on all the wild pear and apple trees in these lovely valleys; but their contentment returns when they think of the fat goose who, tied by the leg, is waiting his doom by the kitchen tent or bakehouse, or of the tender pig, who has been reared up from his childhood for the sole object of doing honour to the coming feast, and who is "just fit to be killed." Already contrasts are drawn between dinners in the trenches, on dreary outposts, on remote guards and pickets last year, and the luxuries which are forthcoming for the grand English festival. Men remember "that tough old Turkey, which cost 40s., and that turned the edge of the carver like plate glass," and laugh over the fate which seemed somehow to attend most efforts to be jolly last Christmas, and then turn and look round their huts, which are generally, it must be confessed, very like retail grocers' establishments, backwood styes, or canteen-men's magazines; the shelves which are placed along the walls in layers, the chip-boards made of packing-cases or powder-boxes, are filled with *pates* in Straubing-ware, hams, tins of soups and preserves, ma to dishes, vegetables long-bottled bottles of French manufacture, and the stupor, stardir work of the English glass-blower. There is a stover some substitute for fireplace in each hut, and it always enjoys the advantage of a 'nemous draught from the door and walls. As to the latter, the embellishments upon them while away in any idle hour, and afford opportunities for the exercise of *taste*, good and bad, the monuments of which must perish with the spring. They consist chiefly of illustrations from the pictorial papers and *Punch*, which are transposed ingeniously by the introduction of faces, figures, and bits out of different engravings, with the view of giving them a ludicrous or whimsical character.

paste-pot, a pair of scissors, some old papers, and a little fancy—these are materials out of which a man can make wonderful use in enlivening and decorating the wooden walls of his temporary residence.—*Letter from the Camp, Dec. 15.*

A SEA-FIGHT OF OLD TIMES

THE curious Engraving on the following page of a naval engagement between the Russians and the Swedes, in 1714, derives additional interest from the present conjuncture, when the Powers allied against Russia are inviting Sweden to take part with them against her old and inveterate foe. The Print from which our Engraving is taken is, as the inscription beneath it shows, a Russian one. The words indicate that the work is there presentation of a naval battle fought between Russian advanced guard galleys and a Swedish squadron, on the 27th July (O. S.), 1714. The elaborate character of the Engraving is remarkable, as showing the care with which, nearly 150 years ago, the Russians attended to practical detail; and it is worth while to observe the curious construction of the gun-boats, which resemble the Roman and Carthaginian galleys. We are indebted for the original to the kindness of Major Chambré (5th Royal Lancashire Militia, now at Aldershot), into whose hands it passed, with several similar works, from the possession of a person who was for some years in the service of the late Emperor Alexander. That officer, to whose tact and energy we may mention that his comrades at Aldershot owe no small portion of their comforts, remarks upon the character of the gun-boats and upon the gun being so well forward in the bows, and observes that the vessels seem capitally adapted to the narrow and shallow bays of the Baltic and their entrances, and that some of our naval constructors might take a hint from

them. There is one other point that must not be forgotten. This battle—fought during the struggles between Peter the Great and Charles the Twelfth—took place near a spot which will be to all time a memorial of Russian treachery and barbarity. It was fought off Hango-Head—the place where the Russians murdered the bearers of an English flag of truce, and where Captain Hall, of the *Nemesis*, performed one of those acts of chivalry which will be equally memorable, namely, the landing, driving away the Cossacks, and solemnly laying down, with a religious service, a stone commemorating the murder, with an inscription designating it as one of foul treachery. The Russians doubtless returned and broke up the stone; but that small spite has been baffled by the printing-presses of Europe. Perhaps, ere the war ends, we may have to offer another engraving of a battle between Swedes and Russians, unless the northern fleet of the Czar should undergo similar "imitation" to that of the south. If that fight be fought, the union-jack and tricolor will diversify



Ізображеніе морської баталії між Російскою Галерною авангардією Которою командовалъ
Карлебеной ішутъ беннахтъ. Ітвєцкою Ескадрою Подкомандою шаутъ бейнахта єріз ішта
Случившися у Гангула цоля въ 27 день 1714 году.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.—OFFICERS ON THE ISLAND OF TONA MIOLA.—SKETCHED BY J. W. CARMICHAEL.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.

This pair of Illustrations was sketched by Mr. Carmichael during the progress of the bombardment, and they show the destructive attack in terrific reality.

The incident of the first Engraving is briefly as follows:—"On Sunday afternoon, August 12, H.M. steam-vessel *Lightning*, Lieutenant James Campbell, proceeded to the island of Tona Miola, with Admirals Dundas and Seymour, and several other officers, for the purpose of seeing, if possible, the damage done to the rear of the town of Sveaborg. The Admirals and officers landed on the island, and were almost immediately seen from the Russian batteries, who commenced firing on them, and also on the *Lightning*. Their fire was most accurate, at a range of near 4000 yards; but it did not prevent the Admirals from accomplishing

their purpose, for they saw the work of destruction effected by our gun and mortar boats."

The second Illustration shows Captain Caldwell, H.M.S. *Duke of Wellington*, superintending the gun-boats during the bombardment.

The extent of the damage inflicted upon Sveaborg by the bombardment may be estimated by the following article, which appeared in the *Helsingfors Tidningar*:

The danger is past, at least for the present. Sveaborg has ceased to smoke, the roar of the guns no longer deafens the ear, as during the eventful days of the 9th and 10th of August. No "invincible armada" meets the sight, the horizon is once more clear; but Helsingfors is no longer itself. The feeling of security has not returned; life and excitement have vanished. Nothing more desolate can exist than the appearance of Helsingfors during the last few days. The incessant moving and transporting of valuables, furniture, and effects of

all descriptions, is beyond belief; the streets are filled with them, and the main road to the interior is one line of carts, waggons, and fugitives. The scene baffles the power of language to portray. Helsingfors and its inhabitants used to be known for their tranquillity and peaceful condition; but now they labour under that most contagious fever, the panic of fear. And what do we fear? We hope our enemies have not lost all feelings of humanity and pity. They certainly have not, up to the present time, spared private property, especially vessels of every denomination. Still it ought to be borne in mind that here the question involves the safety of a whole town—a whole community—a small one, perhaps, but centering in itself the little all of the inhabitants and the deepest interests of the Finland nation, a city that has a right to be respected, not only in the name of Humanity, but in that of Civilisation. It ought to be remembered that, as some deeds add imperishable laurels to a nation's and an individual's name, others leave a stain which for ever remains recorded in the future pages of history.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.—SKETCHED BY J. W. CARMICHAEL.

Memorabilia,

LITERARY, ANTIQUARIAN, SCIENTIFIC, AND ARTISTIC.

"A little chink may let in much light."—OLD PROVERB.

PLANS OF THE BATTLES OF MARSTON MOOR, NEWBURY, AND NASEBY.

BY SIR FREDERIC MADDEN.

In the "Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," by Warburton, published in 1849 (a work more distinguished for brilliancy of writing than for a spirit of research or accuracy), he congratulates himself and his readers on being able to refer to a Plan of the Battle of Naseby, fought 14th June, 1645, "drawn up by Prince Rupert's orders, and found among his papers;" and he adds a copy (vol. iii., p. 105), on a reduced scale, of that portion of the plan representing the Royal forces. The original plan was sold with the collections of Rupert and Fairfax Papers at Messrs. Sotheby and Co.'s, in June, 1852 (lot 1443), and was executed by Sir Bernard de Gomme, a Dutch engineer of eminence, who was in the service of Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange; and afterwards, having accompanied Prince Rupert to England, is said to have been knighted by Charles I., and subsequently became Chief Engineer, Quartermaster-General, and Surveyor of the Ordnance, in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. A military plan executed by so eminent an authority, who was contemporary with the event, must be admitted to be of considerable interest and value, more particularly since it differs considerably from the plan of Naseby fight engraved in Sprigge's "Anglia Rediviva," 1647, and reproduced (but small) in Rushworth's "Historical Collections" (vol. vi., p. 42, edit. 1727). But Warburton would have had still greater cause for congratulation had he known that in the British Museum existed, not only a larger and more careful coloured drawing of the same plan of the battle of Naseby, by Sir Bernard de Gomme, but also coloured military plans by the same hand of the battle of Marston Moor (2nd July, 1644), and the second fight at Newbury (27th October, 1644); all drawn of the same size (2 ft. 4 in. by 1 ft. 8 in.). These plans, with many others by De Gomme, were purchased for the British Museum at the sale of the library of Mr. Gwyn, of Ford Abbey, Dorsetshire, in October, 1846, and are believed to have belonged to Francis Gwyn, who was Under-Secretary of State from 1630 to 1632. They now form the Add. MSS. 16,370 and 16,371. Of the fight at Newbury Warburton merely says that it was "one of the worst-fought battles in the whole war;" and of Marston Moor—the result of which gave such a fatal blow to the cause of the Cavaliers—he is only able to refer to various conflicting authorities, and then (vol. ii., p. 455) ventures to subjoin an imperfect sketch "as approximating to a correct plan of this perplexed battle." It may, therefore, not be unimportant to any future historian of the Civil Wars to give in detail the disposition of the Royal forces in this battle, as represented in the plan of Sir Bernard de Gomme (MS. Add. 16,370, fol. 64). It is entitled thus by the Dutch engineer, "Ordre de ses Majestés Armée de 11,000 foot and 6500 horse, with 16 pieces of ordnance, as the [y] where drawn unto several bodies at the Battle of Marston More, the 2 July, 1644; command[ed] by his Highness Prince Rupert, in the relieving of the siege of the city of York, again[s]t the Schots and the Parliaments Armée."

The King's forces, consisting of 17,500 horse and foot (which, be it remarked, is the exact amount stated by Warburton from conjecture alone), are drawn up at the bottom of a rising ground, the summit of which is occupied by the Parliamentary and Scottish army of 27,000 men; and along the whole of the Royalists' front is a hedge, lined with musketeers. The left wing consisted of 1100 horse (in eight divisions), supported by 500 musketeers, including the brigade of Sir Charles Lucas (five) and the regiment of Colonel Ayers (two); having, in a second line to the left, an additional force of 200 horse (in four divisions), under Colonel Carnaby, with a reserve of 800 horse (in six divisions), commanded by Sir Richard Dacres. The first line of the centre consisted of seven divisions of foot, namely, Col. Tillier's (two), Col. Ermley and Gibson (one), Col. Broughton (two), and Sir Thomas Tilley (two); flanked on the left by Col. Fritzvill's regiment of horse (in three divisions), and, on the right, by Col. Trevor's regiment of equal force. In the second line were seven more divisions of foot, namely, Colonel Chinnall's, one not named, Col. Cheater's (two), and three of Lord Newcastle's foot from York; whose remaining force (in four divisions) is placed in the third line, together with Sir William Blakiston's brigade of horse, in two. Behind these, in the centre, are stationed Sir Edward Widginton's brigade of 400 horse (in five divisions), and Prince Rupert's troop (of Life Guards!). The right wing consisted also of 1100 horse (in eight divisions), with 500 musketeers, including Sir William Vaughan's regiment (three), Col. Hurry's (two), and Lord Biron's (three); with an additional force in the second line, on the right, of 200 horse, under Col. Tucke, and a reserve of 800 horse, commanded by Lord Molineux, including the regiments of Col. Leveson (two), Col. Tilley (two), and Lord Molineux (two). On a line with this reserve, but more to the left, approaching the Newcastle Regiments, is stationed Prince Rupert's regiment of horse (in five divisions). Besides these, in advance of the right wing, but bearing to the centre, are placed the foot regiments of Prince Rupert (in two divisions), and of Lord Biron (in one).

If this plan is to be depended on (and its authority seems undoubted), there would seem to be good grounds for believing (as stated by Ludlow and Rushworth) that Prince Rupert charged in the right wing; but still there is much that contradicts nearly every word of Warburton's description of the battle. Rupert's horse, instead of being in the frontline of the left wing, is here placed close to the right wing, and must have been engaged with Cromwell and Manchester's squadrons; whilst the Irish foot, under Tillier (who was taken prisoner), is not stationed as a reserve to the right wing, but appears in the first line of the centre. Rupert's famous troop of Life Guards also is quite in the rear of the centre, instead of leading the left wing; and it is difficult to conceive how the Marquis of Newcastle's "Lambs" could have been slaughtered to such an extent, unless Rupert's horse had given way. The victory obtained by the King's left wing must have been chiefly gained by the brigades of Sir Charles Lucas, Colonel Ayres, and Sir Richard Dacres. It is certainly difficult to reconcile all this with the accounts hitherto printed; but the plan, nevertheless, possesses unusual interest, and deserves more study than I have leisure to bestow on it. Before I conclude, I must add that a miniature portrait in oil of Sir Bernard de Gomme is prefixed to a collection of plans (executed probably for him) illustrating the campaign of the Prince of Orange between 1623 and 1645, preserved in George III.'s library, No. CII. 21.

NOTES.

DELICATE OFFICIAL DUTY.—It appears from the letters now first published in Bohn's edition of Addison's Works (vol. vi.), that when George I. quarrelled with the Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.), Addison, as well as the Earl of Sunderland, and Temple Stanyan, was employed to forward a statement of the affair to the envoys at foreign Courts. The Prince had a son, and the King nominated the Duke of Newcastle as one of the child's godfathers at the baptism. The Prince resented this, and was charged with saying to the Duke, "You rascal, I will fight you." This warlike threat the Prince afterwards endeavoured to explain away:—"I did not say I would fight you, but I said, you rascal I will find you: and I will find him; for he has often failed in his respect to me, particularly on this late occasion, by insisting on standing godfather to my son." The logic of the reply is inimitable. Old George, however, was not to be deceived. He ordered the Prince to keep his own apartments, and, after some unsatisfactory correspondence, banished him from St. James's. In the two next reigns similar quarrels took place between the Sovereign and the heir-apparent, but we do not find that Secretaries of State were employed to blazon them abroad.

SWIFT AND ADDISON.—The friendship between Swift and Addison is a pleasing and honourable feature in the literary history of the Anne and Georgian era. They differed widely in politics, and had different tastes and connections, yet each appreciated the worth and genius of the other, and their intimacy survived all the storms and jealousies of faction. "I have always honoured you for your good nature," writes Addison, "which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world." And "shall we never again talk together in *laconia?*" Delightful talk it must have been; for, though reserved and taciturn in mixed society, Addison's conversation with his intimate friends was peculiarly fascinating; and Swift's teeming brain was redolent of grotesque and witty fancies. Mr. Bohn's new edition of Addison's works, by its copious notes and illustrations, and the number of hitherto-unpublished letters it contains, has revived the fame of the great *Essayist*, and introduced us once more to that brilliant and accomplished circle of which Swift and Addison were at once the glory and delight.

FEMALE PETITIONERS.—Hume relates that in 1649 "the women applied by petition for the release of Colonel Lilburn, but were desired to mind their household affairs and leave the government of the State to the men." How much more piquant is the affair related by a contemporary, Clement Walker! "About this time some thousands of well-affected women of London, Westminster, Southwark, and the Hamlets stormed the House of Commons with two petitions in behalf of Jo. Lilburn and his company. They companion of the Council of States' violent and illegal proceedings against them, in seizing them in the night by soldiers; of their arbitrary government, taxes, excise, monopolies, &c.; and with utterly taking away all liberty of discourse, than which there can be no greater slavery. They were bid go home and wash their dishes. To which some replied, 'They had neither dishes nor meat left.'"

ADDITION'S CORRECTIONS.—Pope tells us that Addison was averse to making any corrections on his printed works. In Bohn's edition of Addison's Works there is, however, a copy of the original draught of the celebrated "Letter from Italy," which is preserved in the Bodleian Library, and is entirely in Addison's handwriting. From certain marks it appears to have been in the printer's hands, and printed in folio. This curious literary relic affords an instance of Addison's taste and care in composition. The original opening of the poem was entirely different from its present form, thirty lines having been struck out. The couplet imitated by Gray—

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!

stood thus at first:—

How is the happy land, above the rest,
Adorned with pleasures, and with plenty blest!

All Addison's alterations are improvements, except in one instance. The concluding portion of the poem has two feeble lines:—

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.

The original verse is better:—

But spent already with a rhyme so long,
I dare not tempt a more adventurous song!

The editor of Bohn's edition states that he is indebted to Dr. Bandinel, of Oxford, for this interesting document, which ought to accompany all future editions of Addison's works.

QUERIES.

A SOUTH WALES CUSTOM.—About Swansea and in some other parts of South Wales, boys go about singing songs for a month or more before Christmas. Some of them take with them a "horse's head," as they call it, made in the shape of a horse's head, of paper of various colours. About the neck of the horse is a white sheet to cover the person who carries the likeness of the head. When the songsters have sung one or two songs, they and the person with the horse's head march into the house and ask for something. The person with the head makes some motions like a horse during this time. Can you or your readers tell me what is the origin of the custom?—J. MOLINEUX.

IN THE SECOND EDITION OF "GUESSES AT TRUTH," BY TWO BROTHERS, and at page 171, appears the following:—"Yet in Hamlet himself, that personification of human nature brooding over its own weaknesses and corruptions, that only philosopher, with one exception, whom poetry has been able to create. How different are all the reflexions!" Who is that other philosopher indicated in the passage?—J. T., Dublin.

CROWNS.—Will you kindly inform me the names of each of our Sovereigns for whom crowns have been specially made, as I am unable to ascertain them, and greatly desire a complete list?—L. B.

TAYLOR, THE WATER-POET.—In looking through the rare folio of Taylor's works, to which my attention was awakened by some extracts you gave from him lately, I met with the following in his "Wit and Mirth":—"One asked a fellow what Westminster-hall was like! 'Marry,' quoth the other, 'tis like a butler's box at Christmas among gamesters, for whosoever loseth the box will be sure to be the winner.'" Perhaps some of your antiquarian readers will explain this!—A MODERN ANTIQUE.

THE GOOD COUNTESS OF MONMOUTH.—In repairing an old house at Watford, Hertfordshire, a diamond pane of glass was found, with this inscription:—"The Chamber of the Good Countess, Elizabeth of Monmouth, who died here, 1840." Can any of your readers inform me who was this Countess of Monmouth, and give any particulars of her death, and where buried, &c.—CARPE DIEM.

A DEVONSHIRE CUSTOM.—Can any of your readers give the historical origin of the following custom? At Combe Martin, on the north coast of Devon, it was customary, a few years ago, for a large party of the townspeople to proceed, one day in the summer, to a certain spot in a wood above the town, to search for the Earl of Tyrconnell. He, being discovered (in the form of one of the inhabitants who had purposely conveyed himself thither), was seated on a donkey, and brought in (drunken) triumph to the old market-house, where certain Bacchanalian ceremonies concluded the evening. The custom was abolished a few years ago, in consequence of the melancholy death of the then (assumed) Earl, who, having partaken too largely of the refreshment supplied him, rolled over some stone steps and lost his life.—Your obedient servant, H. S. P.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

"LANDED GENTRY OF SOMERSET."—In reply to the inquiry of "F. R." I incline to think there is no collected record of the landed gentry of Somerset in the seventeenth century in existence, except what may be found scattered in Burke's "Landed Gentry," Collinson's "Somerset," Hutchins's "Dorset," and at the Heralds' College. I have been informed by one of the heralds that a great number of pedigrees of western families were destroyed by the Great Fire of London, the loss of which can only be supplied from the papers of private families. There has been lately established "The Genealogical and Historical Society of Great Britain, for the purpose of collecting from private sources and otherwise pedigrees and papers of families which hitherto have never appeared in print. A journal of its proceedings is expected to be published early in the ensuing year.—T. P. LANGMEAD, Temple.

F. R., Totness, asks, amongst the Querries in your admirable ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of December 22, where he can find a record of the Somersetshire families in the seventeenth century. In Blome's "Britannia" of 1673 he will find the names of all the resident gentlemen in the different counties of England and Wales.—A FRIEND.

LAKE LENNOX.—In your paper of Dec. 15th David Walkenshaw mentions three facts, referring to Scotland; in reply to the second fact, the Lake Lennox refers to Lochlomond, formerly called the Lake of Lennox, from the family seat of the Lennoxes being at the mouth of Lochlomond. There is an old saying of three things to be seen in the loch—1. A wave without wind. 2. A fish without a fin; and 3. A floating Island. The first and third can be seen often, and the writer has sailed over to the floating island several times; it is composed of floating rushes or long grass, growing from the bottom of the loch, and a small sapling grows in the centre of it; but no person can land upon it as it has no foundation.—JOHN MILLER, Bookseller.

SIDE-SADDLES.—Some difference of opinion exists amongst antiquaries, as to what fair dame the honour is due of having been the first to introduce the use of side-saddles. Fosbrake, in his "Encyclopaedia of Antiquities," says that, in the twelfth century women "rode both like the men and on side-saddles;" and, for this reason, he adds, that "the latter were not introduced by Anne, Queen of Richard II., as Rous pretends and Strutt denies, though probably her example entirely suppressed the indecent mode." Stow agrees with Rous, and Haydn says that they "were in use in 1388." From what Oliver says, in his "History of Beverley," Fosbrake's view would appear to come nearest the truth. Speaking of Joan, the wife of John de Wake, who lived in the time of Edward I., he says that she was the first to ride sideways upon a saddle. This opinion he derives from a "charta of the lady to the convent of Walton, to which a seal was appended, with the device of a female figure seated sideways on her horse, holding the bridle in her left hand." Old Zackary Gray, in his note on the lines in "Hudibras":—

To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride,

favours Stow, and refers for further information to Camden's "Surrey," edit. 1722, vol. i., col. 188, and Fuller's "History of the Holy War," b. ii., chap. 27.—R. W. ELLIOT.

Catherine de Medicis is said to have first used, if not invented side-saddles about the middle of the sixteenth century. (See Mrs. Markham).—J. F. LLOYD.

THE "TALL PINTA."—H. J. R. very boldly asserts "that there was no vessel whatever named the *Pinta* in the Spanish Armada, and that Macaulay has simply used a poet's license in adopting such a name as suited his rhyme; that it signifies a mark, &c." Macaulay has adopted the immortal name of the vessel from whose deck the discovery of America was made:—"A little after midnight the joyful sound of 'Land! land!' was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships" (Robertson). Like a true poet he knows that there must have been also a *Pinta* in the Armada, and I fully believe him.—W. G.

THE SANCTUARY MEDAL.—The Sancroft medals were struck to commemorate the acception of the Bishops in the reign of James II., and the following a count of one of them answers the description set by D. Best of Archibishop Sancroft, 1685, on one side with his inscription. Reverse: Busts of the six imprisoned Bishops round that of the Bishop of London, stars interspersed. An inscription round the edge. Compton, Bishop of London, also signed Archibishop Sancroft's petition against the Order of Council for reading the King's Declaration of Indulgence in the churches, and had arranged a list of Lords to become bail for the Bishops if the Court should require it. This very likely made him popular, and was perhaps the reason of his bust being placed in the centre of one of the medals. The Keeper of Antiquities in the British Museum has a series of eight of these medals. This information is taken from the "Life of Bishop Ken," by a Layman.—St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KRAAT.—You may probably obtain "Le Palamède" through the medium of Messrs. Williams and Nesbitt, the foreign Booksellers, but the "Treatise on Chess," by Lovelace, is reprinted in Bohn's "Book of Games," London, 1850.

F. WINTLE, Kensington.—He can.

RAJAH.—1. A Pawn so advanced can be exchanged for a second Queen or for any other piece, except a King, without regard to the pieces already on the board. 2. The fact of the King having been checked (not moved) does not prevent his castling.

J. MOLINEUX.—Correct; but too late for me to add to the ordinary list.

W. RABBLE.—The first is price 1s.; the other, 5s.

F. M. Upper Tooting.—Nearly a crown; but much to early.

A YOUNG CLEEK.—There is a Young Author's less-club, the very thing that you require, at the St. James's Literary Institute, in Pall-mall, St. James's-street. The Club in question meets about forty members, and any member of the Institution itself may belong to it on payment of merely a nominal subscription.

JACKEN is thanked for his valuations and interesting disquisition on ancient chess.

M. D., Burlington-street.—The present is the most advantageous period for joining the St. George's Chess-club, as the annual subscription commences at the beginning of the year.

Gentlemen of various occupations may apply personally or by letter, to the Secretary, at the Club-rooms, 52, St. James's-street. We have no room to publish a list of the governing Committee this year, but you can obtain it by applying as above.

S. J. H.—The new "French Chess Magazine" makes its appearance on the 16th of this month. You can subscribe through any of the foreign booksellers.

X. Y. Z.—When your opponent sacrifices a piece in the opening mentioned, your best course is to exchange Queens as soon as you conveniently can. This, of course, he will endeavour to prevent, and in trying to do so, he must afford you time to bring your forces into action. But should he contrive to obtain a little attack you need not be alarmed. Resist it carefully, and, ere long, it will end, as premature attacks most commonly do, in the defeat of the aggressor.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 617, by Annabel, H. S. W. O. T., A Lover of Chess, J. Knight, Tomlin, Bushby, Edmund T., Craigallachie, Chirurg, Burris, are correct.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 618, by B. Button, R. M., G. Y. Hunter, Steel, are correct.

SOLUTIONS OF ENIGMAS, by S. T. V., Clivis, Jeanne Plush, Miles, F. R. S., Gregory, Omorion, A. Z., D. D., Craigallachie, M. D., Durham, Ernest, Philo-Chess, M. P., Old Salt, Mungo, Lex, F. P., are correct. All others are wrong.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 617.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
1. R takes K P P to Q R 3rd 3. R to Q R sq P to Q Kt 5th
2. R to K sq P takes P 4. P takes P—discg. checkmate.

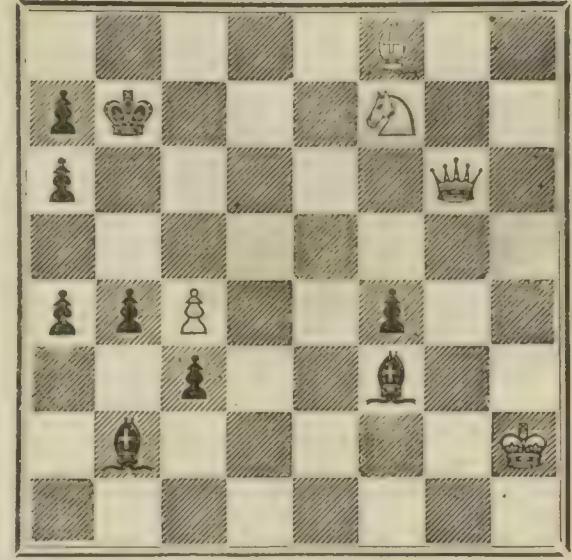
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 618.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 5th (dis. ch.) 3. Kt to K B 6th K takes P
2. Q to Q B 5th (ch.) 4. B mates.

PROBLEM NO. 620.

By Mr. H. TURTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White, playing first, gives mate in five moves.

CHESS IN THE PROVINCES.

Mr. STAUNTON gives the odds of the Q Rook to Mr. NEWMAN, the leading player of the Hull Chess-club.

(Remove White's Q Rook from the board.)

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

New-Year's-day brings with it many delights for the children, great and small, of France. In London the provision warehouses and poulters of all kinds, and in France the venders of the thousand elegancies and luxuries of life, deck themselves out for the new year. In England it is a fete in which the entire family, from the baby to the grandfather, shares. In France it is the fete of the women and children. The men take no part in it beyond the pleasure they have of making presents. Thus, in France, the shops since last month, when I spoke to you of winter dresses, have been resplendent with the novelties of the year. We have seen a boy's frock of bronze kerseymere, with silken embroidery of the same shade; the jaconet trousers reach to the knees; and beneath the gaiters are worn socks of maroon and blue cashmere. A little flat-brimmed hat, ornamented with a tuft of black feathers; and a plush mantle, with binding on the edges, completed this *costume de ville*. For the evening we have seen a dress of Chinese blue velvet, edged with ermine, with gimp collar and cuffs; a velvet cap of the same shade, with a tuft of white feathers; and trousers, still richer, complete the costume.

For a little girl, une robe droguet of violet ground, with a sprinkling of gold buttons; the corsage being ornamented at the edge of the basquine, and upon the sleeves, as well as on the braces, with a violet velvet band. The cloak (*le manteau visite*) is of black velvet, with lace of the same shade in three rows. For the evening a dress of pearl grey poplin; the skirt to a third of its height, ornamented with rose, *taffetas*, upon which are seven or eight undulating rows of small black velvet. The



corsage is ornamented, like the skirt, together with the short sleeves; the cambric chemisette, like the trousers, is ornamented with Valenciennes.

You can scarcely imagine the increase that has taken place in the export of French modes to the East since the war. It is singular, however, that French fashions are not at all popular there. The materials are taken in the piece, and cut according to the fashions of the country. The lightest shades, as well as *damas broches* or *et argent*, together with *gazes lainées*, are the most sought after. Valenciennes and Malines lace are much in request, and are the only materials for trimming, without rendering heavy, fine dresses of transparent silk. On our side the loans from Constantinople become more and more frequent. The *Casques d'Intérieur* come from there, as well as the Fez embroidered in gold. The charming *treillis*, of silk and gold, and tassels to match, denote that the alliance between these two extremities of Europe is becoming closer.

We have little to mention in the way of novelties for the ladies. Every one's attention is turned just now upon children, while they (the ladies) are waiting with too much impatience for their New-Year's presents to think much about their toilets.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Head-dress of Narcissus blue, with a garland around the top-knot,

and in passing behind the comb to form two tufts, the ends of which fall over the shoulders. The other head-dress, seen from the front, with other flowers, is a similar arrangement, and indicates the way in which the tufts are arranged on each side of the cheeks.

2. Velvet Hat (*épingles*), with embroidery of the same colour; simple roses upon the sides, with roses also of the same colour; for very few green leaves are worn mixed with them.

3. Mantle of black velvet, with lace (No. 6) upon the edge; below is the same lace, beneath which is another of double the width. The trimming is composed of a deep gimp, with large scallops. This latter is adopted in all the rich patterns, most in fashion during the late Exhibition.

4. *Emp Collar (Point de Venise)*.—These rather large collars are not mounted, like the others, but are placed flat upon the dress, and closed in front by a richly-jewelled pin.

5. Chapeau of maroon velvet, trimmed with a tuft of flowers on each side; on the edge of the passe is white blonde; beneath it *en tulle illusion*, trimmed with white blonde, and flowers to match.

Dress of Pekin blue, with a single skirt, upon which are three bands of black velvet, and beneath a network of binding trimmed with *petits pois détachés*; the corsage a bretelle formed by the same trimming; sleeve with two *bouillons* formed by a *poignet* on a level with the elbow, and the extremity ornamented in the same way.



LORD BEAUCLERK'S ARCHIMEDEAN SUBSOIL PLOUGH.

This implement has been invented and patented by Lord Charles Beauclerk, and exhibited by Messrs. Itansome and Co., of Ipswich. It presents a new feature in the mode of tillage, and was first publicly tried at the Bath Agricultural meeting, of June, 1855, where it gained the prize, therefore its practical utility may be considered established. This invention has for its object the use of an axis with inclined or screw-formed cutting-blades thereon, and placed in such a manner that the axis, on being drawn on or under the surface of the land, shall receive a rotatory motion, by reason of the said blades cutting into the land. For this purpose each axis is formed by a cylinder of iron one inch diameter and eight inches long, having a steel point at one end with three knives or blades attached at an acute angle, thus forming a male screw of three threads. This axis or screw is supported by and turns on suitable bearings within an iron socket, so as to admit of its revolving freely when drawn in the direction of its own length through the land—such revolving of the axis being caused by the screw-formed blades being resisted by the land.

Fig. 1.

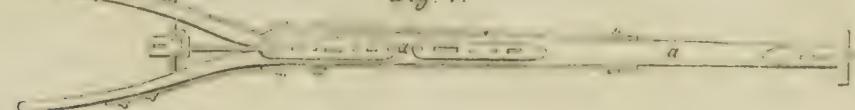


Fig. 2

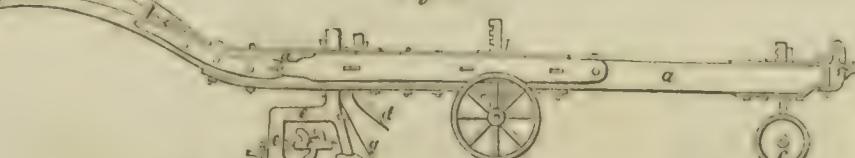


FIG. 1. PLAN OF THE ARCHIMEDEAN SUBSOIL PLOUGH. FIG. 2. SIDE VIEW OF DITTO.

a a is the beam. b and c the wheels, d is a cutter which divides upper part of the surface of the land.

This implement, when at work, presents only cutting edges, therefore the resistance is small, and the effect produced is a female screw of three threads some six inches diameter cut into the land, plus the perpendicular and horizontal cuts made by the socket's passage through the land. Thus a vast amount of labour is economised, and the work of subsoiling is thoroughly carried out.

The simplicity of construction renders the cost of the screw or axis trifling, and they can be removed from the socket by any labourer and replaced by others of greater or less diameter.

The application of this system to ploughs or other implements of husbandry may be various, and not confined to subsoil ploughs. Thus, for example, three of these axes may be placed on the same beam by means of parallel outriggers on each side, capable of being adjusted or removed at will, and in this form may be used for breaking up land, scarifying or cross ploughing, in the latter case it will be found most effectual. Thoroughly pulverising the soil with the additional advantage of not bringing the last year's surface uppermost, whilst time and labour are economised by the breadth compassed.

The operation of ploughing and subsoiling simultaneously has also been tried with success. This object is attained by affixing an Archimedean Subsoil on a parallel beam, one foot in advance, and on the right hand of an ordinary plough. The first furrow being made, the subsoiler is lowered to the depth required, enters the said furrow, and as the work advances the plough throws the earth lightly over the furrow now subsoiled, which is then stunted.

GEOLOGY OF THE CRIMEA.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

HAVING observed in the Correspondence from the Crimea several inaccuracies with respect to its geological structure, more especially in a recently-published letter from the "Special Correspondent" of the *Times*, dated from the British Camp before Sebastopol, November 30th—where, in describing the formation of roads, he states that certain rocks were used in their construction, which do not exist in that country, and comprises others of a comparatively recent date to rocks far lower in the series of strata—I deemed the subject of sufficient importance to offer this explanation, especially as the geology of the Crimea has been so well described by M. Du Bois de Montpéré, by M. Huot, in the work of Demidoff, and in the "Geology of Russia and the Ural Mountains," by Sir Roderick Murchison and M. de Verneuil.

The most ancient deposits of the Crimea are those belonging to the Jurassic group, forming the mountain chain which presents on the sea-coast steep cliffs of limestone based on schists, and much perforated by eruptive rocks, green-stones, porphyry, &c. This chain runs in a direction E.N.E. to W.S.W., its culminating point being Tchati Dag, or the Tent Mountain, 5135 feet elevation. In lithological character the Jura of the Crimea and the Caucasus represents, like that of Russia, the Tertiary Oxfordian, or Middle Oolite of English geologists. It is to this series, no doubt, the limestones belong, alluded to by the correspondent of the *Times* as being used in the formation of the new road, by Mr. Doyne, round the base of Frenchman's-hill, which he speaks of as being formed of *hard carboniferous limestone*—strata which would be considerably lower in the series, and do not occur at all in the Crimea or its immediate neighbourhood.

The "Neocomian," or Lower Greensand, may be well observed in the Crimea at the foot of the chain towards the north, its horizontal beds resting unconformably upon the Jurassic limestone. Above this the Upper Cretaceous series occur, consisting of shales, upper greensand, chalk marl, and white chalk, as in the Caucasus.

Next in ascending order is the Nummulitic formation, now included in the Eocene, or Older Tertiary division (so named from its containing nummulites, from their resemblance to coins), and much used as a building stone at Simferopol and Sebastopol. Nearly all these rocks are of much harder and more crystalline character than their equivalents in Northern Europe.

Eruptive rocks frequently intervene, the effect of some of which upon the Jurassic limestone may be well seen near the Monastery of St. George. The Older Caspian, or Steppe limestone, with sands, &c., occupies the northern and greater portion of the peninsula, including the Heracleotic Chersonese; and is the upper shelly limestone of Eupatoria, Sebastopol, &c. It also includes the chief limestones round Kertch, and the deposits of the cliffs of Kamiesch Boulou, and Taman, also the limestone on the northern and western shores of the Black Sea. These limestones and sands, associated in parts with volcanic ashes, tufa, &c., are much softer than the rocks which constitute the chief ridges; they occur in various conditions, and are more or less fossiliferous, being largely used as a building stone in the east of Europe. The colitic character of some varieties has doubtless led to a mistake in the letter before alluded to, of comparing it with the Secondary Oolites of the neighbourhood of Stroud in Gloucestershire.

The Newer Caspian occurs at the still more northern extremity of the Crimea, extending to Perekop, Kherson, and the shores of the Sea of Azof.

The sides of the Bay of Sebastopol develop a succession of formations from the most recent of these Tertiaries, through the Steppe limestone, Nummulitic limestone, and Chalk—the Bay of Sebastopol having been excavated in the Jurassic or more ancient formation.

WILLIAM H. BAILY.

184, Walcot-place East, Kensington-road, December 26, 1855.

PARISIAN LUXURY.—As a slight indication to assist in forming a judgment upon habits and manners in French society in Paris, and of the height to which luxury of every kind has been gradually rising here since the last ten years, what should you think of a lady having, within the space of about twenty months, a bill at her draper's of 79,000 francs! upwards of £3000! Such is the fact, however. An action was brought, last week, by a draper against a lady in society here for the payment of her bill, which had been long owing. The defendant's counsel pleaded the necessity of reducing the items of the bill, which were, he said, exorbitant. The plaintiff's counsel, on the contrary, brought the bills of other persons to prove that there was nothing extraordinary in the charges set down in the one in question. The Court has not yet pronounced sentence one way or the other. One item was three pairs of embroidered sheets, at £120 each pair; dinner napkins, £20 and £30 the dozen; collars £38 a piece; and a pair of manchettes, 700 francs (228). These are proofs of that extravagance in dress on the part of the French *élégantes*, which people actually will not believe in England, but which are of really common occurrence. These manchettes of £28 correspond to another instance of wasteful extravagance which I have known to be committed by ladies with whom I have the honour of being personally acquainted, and who are in other respects perfectly irreproachable, namely, the wastefulness of putting on a new pair of boots every day, and wearing at least two if not three pairs of gloves a day.—*Paris Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian*.

THE NEW LAW FOR THE INSPECTION OF COAL-MINES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The Act passed in the last Session of Parliament, "To amend the Law for the Inspection of Coal-mines in Great Britain," and "with a view to the safety of the persons employed in such mines," came into operation on Monday last, the 31st ult. The following general rules are required to be observed in each colliery:—1. An adequate ventilation of all collieries, to dilute and render harmless noxious gases, to such an extent as that the working places of the pits and levels of such collieries shall, under ordinary circumstances, be in a fit state for working. 2. Every shaft or pit which is out of use, or used only as an air-pit, shall be securely fenced. 3. Every working and pumping pit or shaft shall be properly fenced when not at work. 4. Every working and pumping pit or shaft where the natural strata, under ordinary circumstances, are not safe, shall be securely cased or lined. 5. Every working pit or shaft shall be provided with some proper means of signalling from the bottom of the shaft to the surface, and from the surface to the bottom of the shaft. 6. A proper indicator, to show the position of the load in the pit or shaft, and also an adequate break, shall be attached to every machine, worked by steam or water power, used for lowering or raising persons. 7. Every steam-boiler shall be provided with a proper steam-gauge, water-gauge, and safety-valve. In addition to several general rules, special and appropriate rules are to be established and observed in each colliery. We understand that at most of the collieries in the north of England, in Staffordshire, and those in North and South Wales, prompt attention is being paid to the requirements of the Act, in providing steam-pressure gauges, water-gauges, and safety-valves.

CHRISTMAS AT HOLYHEAD, NORTH WALES.—The Messrs. J. and C. Rigby, contractors for the great national undertaking the New Harbour of Refuge at Holyhead, evinced a very laudable feeling in providing the whole of the men employed on the above extensive works with a good substantial joint of beef for their Christmas dinner. For this purpose the necessary quantity of prime cattle was secured from the estates of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart., M.P., and of Colonel Pratt, to the amount of upwards of 5000 lb. of prime meat. The cattle were exhibited in a rostrum at the magnificent Town-hall, on Saturday last, when a very crowded assemblage thronged the building, which was brilliantly illuminated during the evening. On Monday, the 24th ult., the distribution took place in the Market-hall. A sirloin of beef was provided on the occasion, of which the Hon. Mr. Stanley, the Rev. Charles Williams, Rector of Holyhead, and many others of the leading gentry partook, and pronounced the same delicious. After which Mr. Stanley in an eloquent address delineated the mutual good feeling subsisting between the respected contractors and their numerous workmen, dwelling forcibly on the well-conducted manner in which the men generally demeaned themselves, and the munificent gift made them on the part of the employers, Messrs. Rigby (nearly 1000 families with 1700 children being recipients thereof). Three hearty cheers having been given for the Messrs. Rigby, which were received with deafening applause, Mr. Reitheimer, as their representative, responded. In conclusion, Mr. Reitheimer proposed three cheers for Mr. Stanley's kindness in presiding, and for his amiable and charitable lady, which was received with tremendous applause. Mr. Stanley hereupon addressed the meeting again, referring to the sympathy and interest shown the workmen by Mr. Reitheimer, the representative of the Messrs. Rigby; and a similar address was delivered by the Rev. Charles Williams, the much-respected Rector of the parish, who dwelt at large on the great kindness and mutual good understanding subsisting between the firm and their workmen. Three cheers were then given for Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal family. The distribution then commenced, and kept four experienced butchers fully employed upwards of ten hours, in cutting up and sharing the prime meat amongst upwards of 1000 families.

ENGLISH SONGS AND MELODIES.



THE POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In moderate time.

AIR, "CASTABELLA."

The Symphonies and Accompaniment by SIR H. R. BISHOP.

Music score for the piano, showing two staves of music. The top staff is in common time, common key, with dynamics *p* and *f*. The bottom staff is in common time, common key, with dynamics *rf* and *f*.

Music score for the piano, showing two staves of music. The top staff is in common time, common key, with dynamics *rf* and *f*. The bottom staff is in common time, common key, with dynamics *rf* and *f*.

Music score for the piano, showing two staves of music. The top staff is in common time, common key, with dynamics *p* and *f*. The bottom staff is in common time, common key, with dynamics *p* and *f*. The lyrics are: "Oh, child, be - ware! The treach - 'rous stream runs deep; The ice may 'glit - ter

fair, Yet be too soft thy weight to bear. Stay, in - fant, stay! nor tempt the

dang' - rous leap; For win - ter frost, as thou wilt find, Is of - ten false as

sum - mer wind.

THE DANGERS.

I.

On, child! beware!
The treacherous stream runs deep;
The ice may glitter fair,
Yet be too soft thy weight to bear.
Stay, infant, stay! nor tempt the dangerous leap;
For winter frost, as thou wilt find,
Is often false as summer wind.

II.

Fond youth! beware!
The glory in thine eyes,
Or dream of love so fair,
May fade, and leave thee to despair.
Stay, young man, stay! be cautious and be wise;
For love and glory lure astray,
And scatter heart-aches on the way.

III.

Old age! beware!
Why should thy heart grow cold?
Earth has no sight less fair
Than starveling Avarice and Care.
Stay, old man, stay! nor hoard thine idle gold;—
For he who worships wealth alone
Shall have his heart for burial-stone.

"CASTABELLA."—The song entitled "Castabella going to sea," and beginning, "Hark, hark! methinks I hear the seamen call," is in the sixth volume of Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1731, and also in the fourth volume of *The British Musical Miscellany*, in which it is called "A Sea Song."—In both those works it is stated to be composed by Dr. Pepusch. This air has a remarkably original character; and the first part, or section, is somewhat curious, as consisting of nine bars, instead of the usual eight bars; though the ear would hardly distinguish any irregularity in the construction.—H. R. B.



LITERATURE.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES II.
By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III. and IV. Longman
and Co. (SECOND NOTICE.)

Having noticed in our former remarks the chief ground on which we felt bound to complain of Mr. Macaulay's great production—namely, its practical breach of an express engagement and of a spontaneous promise—we will now turn to the chief cause of its prodigious success as a publication. This is the only course open to us; for, to follow so immensely diffuse a record in detail, would demand a series of articles nearly as voluminous in their final aggregate as the work itself. We must content ourselves with a less ambitious or less minute description, and keep to the salient characteristics.

The style of Mr. Macaulay is still, after all, his *cheval de bataille*. On that matchless charger he has ridden out of many a scrape. It is when an aphorism is reduced to an example that it first wins all the credit it may have deserved on its own account; and many among us have never understood the full meaning of Buffon's famous remark, "le style c'est l'homme," until they had witnessed the marvellous success of Mr. Macaulay's "History." He is like one who has found a treasure, of which others learn the existence by the effects, and only in proportion as the course of his literary enterprises has necessitated the exchange of broad pieces. They have been his fortune, both literary and social; but what has the public gained?—Anything? We believe that the public has gained much by Mr. Macaulay's labours. Independently of the many bright intelligences which his genius has kindled into flame, he has this title to our gratitude—that he is one of those authors who have known how to make English prose enduringly classic. Here we make the chief, the great, acknowledgment which we honestly believe to be due to Mr. Macaulay. His story disappointed conscientious readers of English history; but his telling of the story more than half disarmed their displeasure. Since then he has mended in art; but we doubt whether he has improved in sincerity. He takes up the record of English events where "the most painstaking and erudite of English historians" (we believe we quote Lord Campbell in the sense, if not in the words) had left it off. Mr. Macaulay falsifies no real dates; misdescribes no actual occurrences; he omits little; but he heavily loads his narrative with portraits of men and women who have lived, done, and suffered; and the portraits are frequently virtual falsehoods themselves.

The art of the historian is perfected; he is more moderate in the dangerous parts of his invective, more moderate in the untenable eulogies with which that invective is interspersed. There is a mellowness, an evenness, a forecast, a sequence, which were missed in the two opening volumes: he allows a great portion of what cannot be denied—he inserts the harsh features familiar to one generation in its awe, and to all succeeding generations in the traditions which must remain: he praises with a more subdued and temperate partiality, and he vituperates with a far more artful and considerate acrimony. The whole of the canvas, in short, is coloured and grouped in a manner more within the laws of probability and the limits of our national impressions and traditions. The common or prevalent estimate of character is not so shocked as it was in his first volumes; and prejudice itself, where prejudice happens to be the object of attack, is left without its rapier by a new trick of fence before it has been able to wield it.

William was, at first, more than a commonplace historical favourite with the writer: he was more than a hero; he was a demigod. The revolution of which he was the centre was the very birth of everything which Mr. Macaulay values in modern English politics. Without William that revolution might not have occurred at all, and would infallibly have assumed a different form, and taken a different direction. His party would not have existed. Mr. Macaulay could not have been what he is; the entire current of his career would have wanted the channel to run in; a thousand other careers more or less illustrious—some lost in the obscurity of unpublished usefulness, some rolling out before the sun—would have found no track, no banks, as it were, to protect their course, and would have sunk again out of view as soon as they had arisen. And now, to a great extent this has been, on the contrary, the fate of the other party for more than five generations. They stand maimed and disfigured before the tribunal of posterity—bereft, doubtless, of many characters which should have graced their ranks—baulked of a destiny which was, but for that revolution, likely to have rendered them the most famous class in English annals. Madame de Staél's remark about the internal dissensions of national politics has been often quoted; but it recurs forcibly in presence of this magnificent production. We certainly should never accept of a foreigner as our historian; nay, even as a commentator upon our affairs, his authority among us is always short-lived. Hints of great value we may occasionally derive from such a source; but the views are too fragmentary, the "point of sight" is too capricious, as well as too remote, to allow the chance of any comprehensive or well co-ordinated survey of our insular struggles and social development. Even De Lolme "has fallen into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces," in spite of the very flattering conclusions and the zealous amity which characterise his whole work. Nevertheless, it remains true that foreigners do form a sort of "contemporaneous posterity"; their knowledge may be more limited, but so also are their vindictive resentments and their vehement prepossessions; and, in atonement for information less complete, they can plead an impartiality less disturbed, and indeed less tempted.

For a poem, a great national epic, we might well take "Aeneas," on the one side, or "Ulysses" on the other; but those who fought over the body of Patroclus, those who gave wounds and received them, to carry off, or to save from profanation, the noble *exuviae*, are not, the fittest to record in sober narrative the facts of the long conflict.

Mr. Macaulay is himself one of the athletes. He is what he is, because William was what he was. He regards the past history of the Whig with a feeling much more akin to filial piety than to philosophic approval or even political admiration. Then, should a party in the record never state his case? We do not say so; we should lose many a great literary performance by enforcing such a rule. But we say that this is a stating of the case to almost as great an extent as it is history. Immediately the question occurs. Who will write a pendant to this work? That question may long wait for an answer. Not every day can a story of the last five generations, conceived and executed in a style worthy to compete with Mr. Macaulay's colossal fragment, be supplied to the opposite side. A greater master of English prose, or one more versed in the national antecedents, has seldom—perhaps has never—devoted his spendid endowments to the cause of a mere English party.

And what have we said here? His is the Dutch party in its origin. More must be conceded: his party was the Dutch party in its necessity, as well as in its origin. But although what we imported improved us; although it may have benefited us internally, and saved our greatness; yet what it worked upon was English. The old native element should not be altogether despised for the sake of this Batavian plating. The material beneath it had started from its fittings, and was dinted and battered in many a place; and the dull repairs shine and glisten under the glamour of Mr. Macaulay's rubbing; but if ever two parties in the history of any nation were—one of them extraneous in its chief supporters but national in its spirit, and the other racy of the soil but un-English in many of its objects—it is the Whig and the Tory elements in the earlier half of the last hundred and sixty years of English annals.

We cannot now go into a particular examination of the account which Mr. Macaulay gives us of about nine years' events; the general remarks we have made were indispensable as a preface to what it might from time to time be incumbent to add, if we more particularly followed any portions of the writer's own course. We are speaking of a Titian who uses the pen, not the brush; and the brush can never compete with the pen. No matter what interval may have passed away, provided a subject still retains its interest, it is as easy for the literary artist to draw his likeness as it would have been at the period when his subjects were in actual existence. Nottingham, Danby, Halifax, Shrewsbury, are daguerreotyped in striking lineaments—are these lineaments theirs?

But the very question suggests others. Is William a true portrait? Has the part he played in the general politics of Europe in no degree warped the judgment of the historian? We beheld him last just landing on the south-west coast; we had previously followed Monmouth's rebellion, and assisted at his despairing, unavailing supplications; we had watched the flight of James, when—strategically speaking—there was no real reason to fly, but much reason to remain. Now we witness the new King at the Boyne; we see him in his most pressing financial and police arrangements; and we are asked to call that the most satisfactory epoch of our history when England owed her political regeneration and her military rescue to Holland. The date is one of the least splendid in our annals. And even Mr. Macaulay's magnificent language and glowing partisanship fail to reconcile us altogether to the humiliating benefit.

(To be continued.)

MANUAL OF BRITISH RURAL SPORTS: comprising Shooting, Hunting, Coursing, Fishing, Hawking, Racing, Boating, Pedestrianism, and the various Rural Games and Amusements of Great Britain. With numerous Engravings. By STONEHENGE. G. Routledge and Co.

Every Englishman is more or less a sportsman. The passion develops itself in various ways. The little urchin, who, with a piece of strong thread, a crooked pin, and a worm, takes his stand at the margin of a stream, intent upon the capture of stickleback or minnow, is actuated by the first promptings of this universal instinct. In after years, when crossing the prairie in search of more dangerous excitement, his mind will recur to those earlier efforts, in which he engaged with even a livelier enthusiasm.

It is well for those. Pastime brings health and vigour, unaccompanied by regret. The child, the boy, or the man, who seeks his recreation in the open air, on the free hill tops, or on the banks of streams, selects a wholesome discipline. In such scenes the mind and heart are purified, at the same time that the body is nerved for danger and endurance. It is this love of a free communion with nature, this irresistible desire to be constantly prying into her mysteries, that has imparted to English manhood and to English courage their elasticity and their renown. The love of the chase, or of out-door sports, is part of our birthright. One man has his horse and another his dog. Some pride themselves upon their skill in rowing, others in cricket; one hunts on a splendid steed, another follows the hounds on foot; this man shoots, and his friend fishes;—each has his own particular recreation. Go where you will—trace English society through all its varying grades—in all its classes you find a touch of the sportsman. Nor are our fair sex an exception in this respect. Not to mention those who can shoulder a gun and throw a fly, we could refer to many a female equestrian whose grace and dignity might cause a thrill of envy in hearts of sterner mould. Their presence gives animation to the meet—the peeress on her well-bred hunter, and the farmer's smiling daughter on her pony, lend enchantment to the scene. It is only in England that such a general gathering can be witnessed, because it is only in our island that the love of sport is a national feeling.

The book before us is one that will be appreciated by all classes of the people. It contains information upon every kind of sport, and might justly be called the Englishman's Treasury, or the Manual of British Sports. It is a valuable compendium of out-door amusements, and will render much that has hitherto been difficult and perplexing plain to the commonest understanding. The author is already favourably known to the public by his popular work on the Greyhound. There are few portions of our island, or even of its dependencies, in which the name of Stonehenge has not become a "household word."

The work before us embraces every topic that can possibly be of any interest to the British sportsman. It is divided into five parts. The first part refers to the pursuit of wild animals for sport, and is enriched with the amplest details on shooting, hunting, coursing, and angling. In connection with these subjects information is given respecting the preservation of game, the gun, the dog, the horse, the falcon, natural and artificial fly-fishing, and the laws and expenses of fishing. The second part is devoted to racing. In this portion of the work the merits of men, horses, yachts, and boats are discussed. In the third part rural games and outdoor amusements are described. The author grows eloquent upon cricket, minor games with ball, archery, quoits, skittles, curling, swimming, skating, riding, and driving. The fourth part contains investigations into the natural history of the principal animals used by man in rural sports. This is a subject that has not hitherto been treated with that attention which it deserves, and the labours of Mr. Stonehenge will be appreciated by those who possess valuable animals in whose health and preservation they are interested. The fifth part refers to diseases of the dog and horse, and displays our author in another character—that of a professor of the healing art. Every form of disease, and every kind of accident, are carefully investigated, and the remedies and methods of cure are admirable. In fact, the work is the English sportsman's true *Vade Mecum*, in which every subject is illustrated, and information of the most varied and accurate nature imparted.

We are glad to be able to notice one judicious omission. No mention whatever is made in these pages of pugilism, cock-fighting, bull and badger baiting. This is as it should be. The book can be admitted into any circle; for, in inculcating a love of sport, the author most carefully discourages cruelty. The volume is very well got up, and the accompanying illustrations are executed with care and precision. It is, in all respects, a book for the people.

SAUERWEIN'S ENGLISH AND TURKISH DICTIONARY.

Williams and Norgate.

Not more wonderful than one of the fairy changes in an Eastern story is the contrast presented in our Eastern camp in the Christmas of 1855 to the gloomy realities of the close of 1854. Sang huts and tents, good hospitals, warm clothing, an abundant Commissariat, horse-racing, and theatres replace those heartrending scenes of suffering the recital of which but twelve months ago so deeply moved the whole empire with grief and indignation. Among the lesser privations of our countrymen in the East, for which provision has not hitherto been made, is the want of some means of communication with our Turkish Allies. Pantomime—which, in spite of the Christmas playbills, is not an accomplishment in which the Briton excels—and the everlasting "Bono Johnny!" "No bono Turco!" have heretofore been the only means the great bulk of our people in the Crimea possessed of communicating with our Eastern allies. The want of an accessible Turkish dictionary is now very fairly supplied by this little volume, into which Herr Sauerwein has compressed a vocabulary of almost every useful—with occasionally a useless—word. If "Brown" wants a roast fowl and mushrooms, though he may not be able to get them, he can at least ask for them, with a better chance of being understood when he merely pronounces the words "Taruk ile mautar," than his unhappy brother whom Albert Smith encountered at Amsterdam—crowing like a cock, and drawing a mushroom that was mistaken for an umbrella.

Nor need our countryman, armed with this little dictionary, despair of being able to enlighten the "sick man" upon the policy of Herr Sauerwein's countrymen. For, though a German, he does not discard from his Turkish volume such words as "duplicity," "coward," "tyrant," "slave," "sot," "bigot," and the like. Though, by some accident, we observe, Herr Sauerwein inserts the Turkish word for "Prussia," but not for "Austria." However, we cannot complain, since, as our readers see, for the latter we are supplied with many synonyms. The book is really a very good one, well "got up," and will be a most valuable addition to any contribution of literature that may be sent out for the use or amusement of our army in the Crimea.

THE BIRTHDAY COUNCIL; OR, HOW TO BE USEFUL. By Mrs. ALARIC A. WATTS. Edinburgh: Thomas C. Jack.

This unpretending little volume contains many specimens of good English composition, as well as an excellent story. The object of the book is, to use the author's words, "to describe the working of a child's mind, and to trace an idea from its growth, originating in a casual observation to its result in active usefulness." The casual observation referred to is one made to the little heroine of the tale, Joanna Gascoigne, by her aunt. It is this:—"Few are too young and none too humble to benefit their fellow-creatures." Upon this simple text the author has constructed a really interesting and healthy narrative, such as cannot fail to benefit the youthful minds for whose especial perusal it is intended.

ROYAL PANOPTICON, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—The New-Year's novelties here are a series of dissolving views, illustrative of the histories of "Whittington and his Cat," and "Puss in Boots," which Mr. Leicester Buckingham accompanies with a lively narrative, replete with pun and patter. The lectures, which take place at intervals, are delivered by Mr. J. D. Malcolm, Mr. C. F. Partington, and Mr. G. F. Ansell, and deal with parlour magic, electricity, aerostation, and popular chemistry. Mr. Buckingham is the general exponent of the dissolving views, which, besides those we have mentioned, comprise a "Ramble through Venice" and "Life in Pompeii." Next we have a concert under the direction of Mr. E. F. Chipp—the principal vocalists being Miss Bessie Dalton and Mr. W. J. Fielding; and the Orpheus Glee Union, whose daguerreotyped in striking lineaments—are these lineaments theirs?

RAILWAY FROM VIENNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—A letter from

Pesth, in the *Argus Gazete*, says:—"A company of rich landowners of Hungary propose to lay out the railway from Vienna to Raab as far as Belgrad in Servia, and has already made the necessary preparations on the subject to the authorities. An Anglo-French Company has undertaken, on the other hand, to construct a line from Constantinople to Belgrad, and has engaged for it 120 French workmen, who, with their families, are to take up their residence in Roumania. This double line will place the capital of the Ottoman Empire in direct communication with Austria, Germany, and all Europe. The works are to be commenced simultaneously at the two extremities, Raab and Constantinople."

FRENCH CAMPS.—Engineer officers are now engaged in tracing out most extensive lines near St. Omer, for the immediate reception of a large army reported at 100,000 men. The new huts are to be erected adjoining those occupied by the Camp of this year. Another camp of 40,000 men is to be formed at Cherbourg.

WIKES' CHURCH SPIRES AND TOWERS OF ENGLAND. STREET'S BRICK AND MARBLE ARCHITECTURE OF ITALY.

The singular rapidity with which so important a matter as that which involves our system of architecture has been checked, reversed, and, with a revived spirit again urged onward, has invested the circumstance with an interest so striking and noteworthy that it can have been ignored by few indeed. It seems but a short year or two since the architect's shield of faith was represented in the publications of Stuart, Nicholson, and other equally ardent advocates of classicism "as imported;" and yet the interval, brief though it has been, has not only worked a complete reformation of this art-creed, but has brought forth a literature especially pertaining to it—a literature which, while spreading a wider interest in the subject than it has hitherto known, has, at the hands of at least one of its contributors, attained to a prominent position among the worthiest efforts of the language.

Such has been the expansion of our knowledge in this branch of art that the accumulated prejudices which through three centuries have been held against it have been dispelled before our own observation. We have seen a Briton and a Pugin pioneering the way by which the Art of Christian England was to be restored to light, and again devoted to the religion under which it grew and fructified; and, moreover, we have witnessed such practical results of the movement as declare the speedy advent of an architectural system that will henceforward healthily and consistently identify itself with our age and country. Thus, while a death-knell tolls upon the garbled classicism which has so long been bolstered up amongst us, the art which at the hands of our ancestors had glorified Christianity, and embellished our island from village to village, at length regains its wonted position and natural votaries.

There are, as our readers will have noted, still occasional flickers of that paradoxical belief which at once rejects, as utterly incompatible with the spirit of our day, the art-principles of our fathers, and nevertheless discovers a kindred sympathy connecting the architectural requirements of our religion and habits with those under whose influence were reared the temples of mythological Greece. It has been urged that our nineteenth-century life and manners do not accord with clustered shafts and groined vaultings—that is, that harmonious relationship between a country and the art-principle which is as natural to it as is its wayside flower can—even where there has been no change of climate or religion—wholly cease to exist—a gratuitous dictum to which we do not subscribe. The disputants who thus argue against the revival of English architecture for us English people are not unfrequently men who feel the warmest admiration for the results of our ancient system, while they repudiate its revival for modern adaptation. Some of the contributors to our modern architectural literature—men who have no desire to see our architecture any longer made up of the ingenuities of classicism—have, nevertheless, now and then quarrelled with the pointed arch, and strenuously advocated the going back to the round one, with a view to developing it in channels as yet unthought of.

This going-back and fresh-development theory is pretty and amusing; but, as the process would be both unnatural and abstrusely retrograde, it is, we think, not likely to be attempted. Then, again, it has been asserted that our modern Gothic buildings lack that life and spirit which characterise the works of our mediæval progenitors—an outcry which has in no small degree been fostered by a moss-and-lichen worship that has added to the ancient buildings a peculiar romance never dreamt of by their architects. At the same time it must be admitted that the objection is far from being groundless; indeed it could have been scarcely otherwise since the close study of our ancient buildings not unnaturally vented itself in vain attempts at their exact reproduction, and, up to the present, has resulted in more of slavish mediævalism than of architectural life, such as alone can give us a system—a nineteenth-century Gothic—that will be truly allied in spirit that of our forefathers.

To the many valuable publications which have emanated from the students of our old examples have been recently added the two comely volumes by Mr. Wikes noted at the head of this article. These are filled with large lithographed representations of most of our remarkable church towers and spires—to the elucidation of which, in respect to chronology and style, and the spire growth of middle-age architecture, the letterpress is principally confined. Mr. Street, on the other hand, stepping eagerly—we cannot say modestly—in the footsteps of John Ruskin, has given us in his book on the brick-and-marble architecture of Italy his impressions received during an architectural tour, prosecuted with almost Yankee rapidity, through Italy to Venice. In both these publications the plates form the most valuable part—by design in Mr. Wikes' case, by innocent miscalculation in that of Mr. Street. It is scarcely possible too highly to praise the result of Mr. Wikes' labours. He has given us at one view the most favourable examples of the great types of our Gothic architecture—the tower and spire. The drawings for the most part appear to have been made with great care and patience, and are, with few exceptions, trustworthy in respect to proportion and general portraiture.

It may, perhaps, be hypercritical to speak of the loose perspective which is occasionally observable in these drawings; nor should we do so had the handling been free and sketchy; but where the touch has been so exquisite, so delicately precise, it is not a little surprising to find a shortcoming in so very simple a matter as this. As lithographs, nothing has yet been done that passes their many merits: while they are masterly and vigorous, the minutest detail has been clearly expressed. Of the letterpress little need be said. It is not ill done as far as it goes; but, as it amounts to little more than the simple jog-trot of pedigree, style, and dates—matters which we thought had been long since done to death—the value of the work is scarcely enhanced by its introduction. Nevertheless the publication is highly meritorious and valuable, and the architect's library will in no small degree be enriched by such an acquisition.

In Mr. Street's book we find a worthy subject served up with a prodigal supply of literary twaddle of the purest water, together with a sprinkling of woodcuts, chromolithographs, and anastatic printings, which have been executed with the greatest taste and delicacy, and by which, as a book-illustrator, Mr. Street has achieved a success which we readily acknowledge. This gentleman, it would appear, has been fired by the glowing pages of Ruskin into an idea that there might yet be some architectural pickings in Italy that had escaped the observation, or had not yet received the attention, of that powerful exponent of art-principles, and that he could do the thing after the manner of the original. To this burlesque mimicry of the "Oxford Graduate" Mr. Street has endeavoured to add a grace of his own, by assuming the most confidential familiarity with his reader. He tells us, with charming freedom, how he lunched, haggled with guides, reached Verona on a Saturday night, got up there on a Sunday morning, and was no sooner out of his bed than he saw the roofs of the neighbouring houses "the glorious campanile of the Palazzo dei Signori."

Upon this erection Mr. Street at once lavishes a volley of those laudatory superlatives which, on the smallest provocation, he fires off with a recklessness which becomes decidedly boring, inasmuch as it occurs on almost every page in the book. "After we are informed that this campanile is a 'magnificent, lofty, simple, and almost unbroken piece of brickwork,' and, a little further on, that it is a 'wonderfully simple and grand erection,' and, moreover, that its belfry-stage is 'most gloriously simple,' our author says:—"I could hardly tear myself away from this glorious (the campanile); but much more was to be seen, so I dallied not long before I set forth on a journey of discovery (!), giving myself up to heat and ecclesiologics." This fevered resignation does not appear to have taken a turn for the better during the sufferer's journeying onward to Venice, for, on his arrival there, he hastens to St. Mark's (of course), and contemplates its pavement in this mood:—

But of all the features of this very noble interior, that which, next to the gorgeous colour of the mosaics on the walls, most attracted me was the wild beauty of the pavement; for I know no other word that quite describes the effect it produces. It is throughout the whole church arranged in geometrical patterns, just like those of the noble Italian pavement in the choir of Westminster Abbey; but these, instead of being level and even, swell up and down as though they were petrified waves of the sea, on which those who embark in the ship of the Church may kneel in prayer with safety, their undulating surface serving only to remind them of the stormy seas of life, and of the sea actually washing the walls of the streets and the houses throughout the city. It can hardly be thought that this undulating surface is accidental or unintentional, for, had it been the consequence only of a settlement of the ground, we should have seen some marks, too, in the walls, and some tokens of disruption in the pavement itself—none of which, however, could I detect.

We have before now, when "bussing it" down Oxford-street, over the macadamised billows of that high road, found the process so exceedingly tantalising that we have felt more of ill temper than admiration for the paving-board who permitted such a state of things to exist. Certainly we never dreamt that there was the least intention of poetical

symbolism in the matter. Mr. Street would have been more contemplative and more just.

Although we cannot consider Mr. Street's bookmaking brilliantly successful, we know that, as an architect, he is consistent and faithful to one system, and that he would have as little sympathy as we have with the advocacy which was the other day uttered by one of his wayward brethren, who "felt bound to say, he believed that English architecture held its own against all rivals, although, he feared, we devoted our attention too much to the mediæval to the exclusion of the classical." A man may command admiration by his earnestness and enthusiasm, if nothing else, in the pursuit of any art to which he may have directed his studies, so long as he is true to his belief. There can, however, be little genuine sincerity in the architect whose practice embraces principles the most conflicting and irreconcileable, and who, by such lackadaisical advocacy as we have quoted, does his best to support the practice which has degraded the art, and made England a kind of architectural bazaar. What such a system has done for the art since the time when exotic styles were first the fashion amongst us to the present can be ascertained in a walk from our St. Paul's to our Panopticon. Since the period when Wren dallied with the art he despised to nearly our own day, architecture has been in so anomalous a position with us as to have become subject to the caprice of a patron or the whim of a professor; and even now there are architects who, for the consideration of their percentage, are not unwilling, by the help of Palladio, Vitruvius, or Sansovino, to ring the changes upon the five orders, and to then reproduce the "Moor-esque," "Medieval," "Pompeian," "Assyrian," or, in fact, any style to which their fancies or clients may by chance have led them. We have seen William of Wykeham embraced in Palace-yard, while his fickle partisan has, as freely, hob-nobbed with Palladio in the Green-park. And yet this free-and-easy coquetry with the art-creeds of other nations and religions has not been, by any means, unaccompanied with a belief that such a course of art was an important and reputable one. While the country became an arena in which system antagonised system, the promoters of the hopeless fray have quietly reaped Academic honours, and found in them neither a burden nor a reproach. However, this practice of boxing the compass of architecture has well nigh died out. We shall, perhaps, now and then see an architect attempt to "star it" with an Indian or Chinese system, which he may consider is by adoption peculiarly his own. But architects in the majority are getting far more earnest than they have been heretofore; and, in respect to the revival of Gothicism, many are now finding that there is more of the spirit, if not letter, of the style in the free and natural use of the materials, ideas, and inventions of the day, than can possibly be obtained by laborious adherence to every particular of our old examples. Amongst those whose reputations are not pinned upon former adaptations from Athens or Pæstum, there is being fostered a true art-feeling, and that nationality of purpose, which has ever been the indispensable condition—the vital principle—in the growth of architectural character throughout the world—a purpose, without which no architect can become truly great.

ANCIENT PIPES AND ANCIENT SMOKERS.

(See Illustrations, page 29.)

SOME account of so wide-spread a practice as tobacco-smoking—for it may be said to prevail over the whole earth—cannot fail to be interesting. Availing ourselves of an elaborate work, recently published by a German author, we shall give a brief outline of the facts connected with its introduction into Europe, immediately after the discovery of the New World, with which great event in the world's history it is connected in a marked manner. When Christopher Columbus landed, on the 12th of October, 1492, on the island of Guanahani, one of the western Lucca or Bahama Islands, to which he gave the name of San Salvador, he and his crew beheld, to their intense astonishment, a number of the natives peacefully collected on the shore puffing clouds of smoke from their mouths and nostrils. On closer inspection it was found that portions of some kind of dried herb were wrapped up in the leaves of the maize-plant, and formed into cylindrical rolls, one end of which was placed in the mouth, and, the other being kindled, the smoke was drawn up and puffed forth. They were, in point of fact, what we should call cigarettes; but the name given to them by the natives was tobacco, which is clearly the origin of the name we give to the plant, and not, as has been asserted, the island Tobago, one of the southern Antilles, which was not discovered till 1496. Still less is the word derivable from Tabasco, a Mexican province, which was not visited until the year 1518. The narratives composed by the early travellers and sojourners in the newly-discovered regions of the Western World, a number of which have been recently brought to light, contain frequent allusions to the tobacco-plant and to the practice of smoking prevalent among the natives. The first regular description of the tobacco-plant was given by the hermit-friar Romano Pane, whom Columbus left behind after his second voyage to convert the Indians to Christianity. He calls it a *herba inebrians*, and says it was called cohoba, cohobba, and giola. He describes, moreover, a fork-shaped tube which the Indians introduced into their nostrils while they held the other over tobacco-leaves spread upon burning coals. They called this tube tobacco. The leaves, in a green state, of the coleoba-plant, he adds, were extensively used as a vulnerarium by the Indians. The prevalence of the custom of smoking among the inhabitants of the West India islands at the period of their discovery is attested by the accounts of all the early navigators and explorers; and the excellence of the tobacco grown in some of them, particularly Cuba and Trinidad, is the subject of remark. When the Antilles came into the possession of the French in the middle of the seventeenth century, tobacco was extensively cultivated in them, and Du Tertre, in his account of these islands, describes four kinds of the tobacco-plant:—1. The large green tobacco, or petum, with leaves two feet in length and one broad. 2. Tongue tobacco, with tongue-shaped leaves. 3. Amazon tobacco, brought from the borders of the Amazon river, the leaves of which are very long and rounded at the end. 4. Varinas tobacco (*Tabac de Verine, Petum Musquu*), brought from the province of Varinas and the banks of the Assura. The West Indies, particularly the island of Cuba, to the present day afford the best tobacco, that possessing the finest aroma. According to Humboldt, the regions which produce the best quality lie westward of the city of Havannah, in the Vuelta de Abajo.

At the time of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, in 1519, tobacco-smoking was an established custom among the natives; and Francisco Lopez de Gomara, who was chaplain to Cortez, relates that they used either the leaves rolled up into a cylinder, or pipes made from reeds and beautifully ornamented. These pipes and the whole practice of smoking are minutely described in a curious manuscript recently brought to light, composed by the celebrated Franciscan Bernardino Sahagun, who went over to Mexico as a preacher in 1529. The same kind of pipes are still in use in Mexico, though no longer for smoking tobacco, but for the purpose of perfuming the altars in churches with incense on feast days. Montezuma, according to the account of Bernal Diaz, was accustomed to take his pipe after dinner: it was brought in on the removal of the cloth by beautiful maidens, and handed to him after he had washed his mouth with scented water. Long before the discovery and conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, the Aztecs, and probably the Toltecs also, made use of tobacco-pipes made of baked clay. A great number of such pipes have been dug up from the earth in the vicinity of the city of Mexico, and almost all are blackened from frequent use. A drawing of one of these is given on the preceding page; it represents a human figure. The nether lip is slit, and the ears, which are stretched downwards, are bored. It is probably intended for an Indian of the tribe of Totocanos. These clay pipes greatly resemble those so plentifully discovered in excavations on the shores of Lake Erie, on the banks of the Ohio and Wabash, and in the valley of the Mississippi. The Aztecs were acquainted with the use of tobacco in the form of snuff, and appear also to have chewed the leaves when mixed up with a certain quantity of chalk.

At the time of the discovery and conquest of Central America smoking was practised by the natives in Chiapa, Honduras, Guatemala, and Nicaragua—the caciques, no less than the common people, being passionately addicted to it. Hernandez de Oviedo, in the account of his voyage to Panama and Nicaragua, in 1526, states that tobacco was carefully cultivated there, and the leaves prepared into rolls six inches long, and the thickness of a finger, which were called in the language of the country ympaquete. The English surgeon Wafer, who crossed the Isthmus of Darien with a company of buccaneers in 1651, and lived some time among the Indians, relates that boys puffed the smoke from long rolls of tobacco from two to three feet in length into the nostrils of the Indians as they lay stretched upon a bank, and holding their hands on each side of their noses to retain the precious incense.

In short, throughout the whole of Mexico and Central America the native tribes at the time of the first appearance of the Europeans among them appear to have practised smoking. The Spaniards soon took to it, and at the present day the habit prevails among the whole population of these regions, male and female, of Spanish or mixed origin. The old Mexican smoking-pipe, however, has long given place to the modern *puros*—the simple leaf rolled up—and *cigarras* or *papelitos*, made of tobacco wrapped up in thin paper. Large manufactories of these were

soon established, and rapidly became an important branch of industry. Father Joseph Odis, who visited Mexico towards the middle of the last century, states that he saw 10,000 girls and 5000 boys engaged in preparing little rolls of tobacco of about a finger's length. From all the accounts of modern travellers in Mexico and the provinces of Central America we learn how universally the habit is indulged in by all classes, men and women. At all hours, and in all places, smoking goes on—in the office, the drawing-room, at the dinner-table, and even at balls and theatres. On the subject of ladies smoking, Stephens, in his "Incidents of Travel in Central America," says:—

I am sorry to say that, generally, the ladies of Central America, not excepting Guatamala, smoke—married ladies, *puros*, or all tobacco; and unmarried, cigars, or tobacco wrapped in paper or straw. Every gentleman carried in his pocket a silver case, with a long string of cotton, steel, and flint, and one of the offices of gallantry is to strike a light; by doing it well, he may kindle a flame in a lady's heart; at all events, to do it bunglingly would be ill bred. I will not express my sentiments on smoking as a custom for the sex. I have recollections of beauteous lips profaned. Nevertheless, even in this I have seen a lady show her prettiness and refinement, barely touching the straw with her lips, as it were kissing it gently and taking it away. When a gentleman asks a lady for a light, she always removes the cigar from her lips.

The Spanish Government did not fail to take advantage of the great consumption of tobacco as a source of revenue. In 1764 a monopoly in the trade in tobacco was established under the name of *Estanco Real de Tabaco*; a license was required for its cultivation, and the produce was delivered to the Government at a fixed price. For the better supervision of the plantations, the growth of tobacco was restricted within certain boundaries. In the time of Humboldt's visit it was confined to the Valley of Aragua and Cumanacoa; and the only sort cultivated was that with broad upright leaves (*Nicotiana Tabacum*). The tobacco monopoly brought large sums of money to the Spanish Government. In bad years the net produce amounted to a million pesos; and in good to two and a half and more. In the great cigar-manufactory of Oaraca 5,000,000 packets of paper cigars of thirty each were made yearly, and 60,000 packets of *puros* of seven each, producing yearly 316,000 pesos.

As regards South America, except in Brazil and in the province of Guyana, none of the natives inhabiting its various regions appear to have been acquainted with the use of tobacco until it was introduced by the Spaniards. In Guyana, however, at the time of Sir Walter Raleigh's voyage to the Orinoco in search of the El Dorado, tobacco appears to have been cultivated, and the custom of smoking generally prevalent among the natives, who were called Caribees. The first accounts of tobacco in Brazil occur in the narrative of a Carmelite monk, André Thevet, who accompanied the expedition of Nicolas Durant de Villegagnon to form a settlement on the river Gauabara, in 1555.

In North America the practice of smoking tobacco in pipes existed among all the tribes of native Indians at the time when they were first brought in contact with Europeans; and there is every reason to believe that it originated among the ancient nations of which the Wild Indians, as they are called, are the scattered remnants. At any rate, the practice was extremely ancient among them, as is testified by the abundance of pipes found in the old graves and tumuli in the regions bordering the Canadian seas, and in those watered by the Ohio, Scioto, Wabash, Miami, and Mississippi, as well as in the States of Tennessee, Alabama, and Florida. The great antiquity of some of these tumuli in which pipes were found is attested by the fact of colossal trees having grown upon them, which, from the number of rings exhibited by the trunk, must be several centuries old. These old pipes are made, some of baked clay, and some of different kinds of stone, talc, serpentine, greenstone, steatite, and a particular species of stone known as red-pipe stone, which is still used by the Indians of the prairies, of the Upper Mississippi, and of the Sioux country. They are for the most part manufactured with great skill, and exhibit considerable taste and artistic feeling. Every variety of shape is to be seen among them—human heads, wild oats, seals, otters, bears, falcons, owls, frogs, &c.; and all are delineated with so much fidelity to nature that they may be recognised at once. A very remarkable circumstance about those representing human heads is, that the type approximates very closely to the Mongolian, which goes some way to bear out the opinion of those ethnologists who suppose America to have been peopled by migrations from the eastern part of Asia. The narratives of all the first discoverers and explorers of North America contain some mention of the tobacco-smoking of the natives, and show the practice to have been universal among all the numerous tribes inhabiting that vast continent. Thomas Hariot, who was Sir Walter Raleigh's instructor in mathematics, and joined the expedition fitted out in 1584 by Sir Walter, with Queen Elizabeth's consent, and which resulted in the discovery of Virginia, gives in the account of his voyage published by him a very full description of the practice. He states that the natives considered tobacco as a gift of the Great Spirit for their especial enjoyment, and that it was the most acceptable sacrifice that could be made to the Great Spirit and the Lord of Life. They even believed smoking to form one of the pleasures of the Great Spirit and of all good spirits.

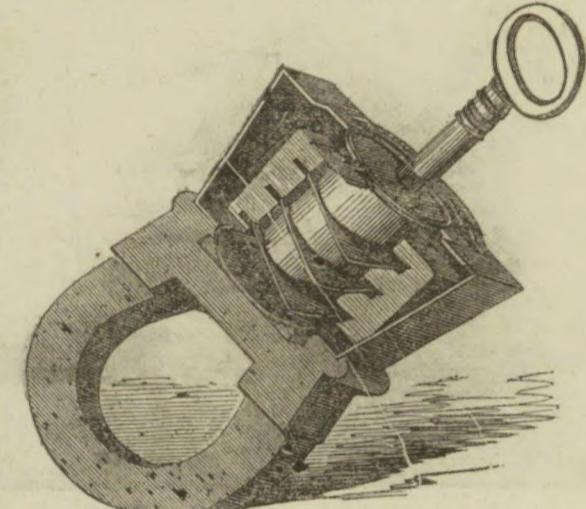
One of the most curious and remarkable points connected with the religious and spiritual side of tobacco-smoking, as regarded by the natives, is the ceremonial of the calumet or pipe of peace, which first came to the knowledge of Europeans in 1645, when Montmagny, a knight of Malta, and Governor of Canada, concluded a commercial treaty with the native tribes of the Algonquins, Montagnes, Hurons, and Cherokees. In the midst of the assembly the Indians had planted a richly-ornamented tobacco-pipe, round which the chiefs seated themselves on their mats. After the conclusion of the treaty they smoked this pipe, handing it round among themselves, and to the Governor, in ratification of the treaty, and as a token of their friendly disposition. This custom appears, from the accounts of all early travellers, to have been as universal among the Indian tribes of North America as the habit of smoking itself. It is particularly described in great detail by Hennepin, a Franciscan monk, who with De la Salle, travelled across the Canadian lakes and up the Illinois to the Mississippi; then, following the course of the Mississippi, reached the Gulf of Mexico, in the name of France took possession of the land which borders it, and called it Louisiana. The Jesuit father, Charleroi, who crossed vast tracts of the Indian country in the early part of the last century, also gives many interesting facts on the subject. They both agree in ascribing a religious character to the calumet, and connecting it with the worship of the sun. Marquette, another early traveller and missionary, finds some analogy between the calumet and the caduceus of Mercury, which was also a symbol of peace and of friendly embassies, and was borne by priests and soothsayers, who were called fire-bearers, from bringing with them an altar with the sacred fire. The pipe of peace and the ceremonies connected with it still continue in use among the wild tribes of North America. It is about four or five feet long, of light wood, and profusely ornamented with ribbons, tresses of woman's hair, strings of coral beads and feathers, particularly those of the war-eagle. The women of the tribe feel themselves particularly bound to make the calumet as handsome and showy as possible, and each tribe adorns its pipe of peace in its own way, so that an Indian can tell, at a glance to which tribe any calumet belongs. The bowl of the pipe is usually made of the red pipe-stone, a peculiar stone brought from one particular spot, called the Coteau of the Prairies, in the Sioux country. There are a variety of legends connected with the mountain from which the red pipe-stone is obtained; one of these is, that once upon a time the Great Spirit called all the tribes together round this mountain, and, standing on its summit, took a piece of the red-stone, formed a pipe from it, and began to smoke, blowing huge clouds over the assembled multitude. The Great Spirit then spoke, saying—"This stone is red, it is your flesh, and belongs to you all. Out of it make no more tomahawks, war-hatchets, nor scalping-knives. Use it only to make the pipe of peace with, and smoke therefrom when you would propitiate me and do my will." At the last puff of his pipe the Great Spirit melted into a cloud which long hovered over the assembled tribes.

Spain was the first country in Europe into which tobacco-smoking was introduced by the crews of vessels returning from the New World. The tobacco-plant itself, however, was known at an earlier period than the practice of smoking—the seeds having been brought over by Gonzalo Hernandez de Oviedo. Its medical virtues as a vulnerarium were much vaunted by Nicolo Monardes, professor of medicine at the University of Seville, and others; and Jean Nicot, French Ambassador at Lisbon in 1560, introduced it into France, having previously performed many wonderful cures of sores and wounds with it. To him it owes its scientific name of *nicotia*. Once the custom of smoking was introduced it soon spread throughout Spain and Portugal, and is at the present day universal among all classes, from the noble to the peasant. The introduction of tobacco into England is variously attributed to Sir Thomas Hawkins, on his return from Florida in 1565; to Sir Walter Raleigh, after his expedition to the Orinoco; and to Sir Francis Drake, who, in 1586, brought back some of the companions of Ralph Lane, who had attempted to form a settlement in Virginia, and in their intercourse with the Indians had adopted the habit of smoking. After first creating wonder and exciting curiosity it gradually found imitators, as everything new and strange and calculated to attract attention is sure to do. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was passionately addicted to it, seems to have contributed most by his

eminent example to give a vogue to the practice. The old story of his servant believing him to be on fire need not be repeated here. So inveterate was the habit with the gallant old sailor, that even on the morning of his execution he is said to have smoked his pipe with the same apparent enjoyment as ever. In London the practice of smoking soon made rapid strides, and smokers assembled in large parties at the beer-shops and taverns. The trade in tobacco, which was brought from Cuba and Trinidad, and other Spanish settlements, soon acquired considerable importance; the shops in which tobacco was sold were soon distinguished by the figure of a negro with a roll of tobacco at his side. Towards the end of the seventeenth century tobacco-smokers were to be found in every corner of the land, and among all classes. The custom was first brought upon the stage by Ben Jonson, in "Every Man in His Humour," in which Captain Bobadil appears smoking a pipe in company with others addicted to the same practice, and who are contemptuously styled in the stage direction "a rout of stinkards." *Bobadil* is made to break out into the following high-flown panegyric of the weed:—"Sir, believe me on my relation for what I tell you the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, and where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of nine-and-twenty weeks but the fume of this simple only. Therefore, it cannot be, but it is most divine, especially your Trinidad. Your Nicotian is good, too. I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and most precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man." Satires, pamphlets, and sermons were launched against the new-fangled habit on all sides. James I. regarded the practice of smoking with abhorrence, and composed a violent diatribe against it, which he entitled "Miso capnus seu abusus Tabaci Lusus Regius." In 1605, when James I. visited the University of Oxford, it was thought nothing more acceptable could be hit upon to please the King than a public disputation on tobacco-smoking. During the reign of Charles II. the use of tobacco spread widely: people smoked, snuffed, and chewed it. Under this reign the cultivation of tobacco was prohibited in England, but permitted in Ireland, and a duty was laid on its importation in 1684. In 1789 the tax was increased and put under the excise. The trade in tobacco has gone on steadily increasing up to the present day. The importation in 1850 was 43,551,954 lb., of which 1,905,306 lb. was manufactured.

RUSSIAN PADLOCK.

The annexed drawing is taken from a padlock of Russian manufacture, which formed a part of the booty obtained at Balaklava, and is now in the possession of Mr. Chubb. It will be noticed that the shackle, or bow, instead of being hinged at one end, as in English padlocks, is withdrawn entirely after unlocking. When replaced, it is secured in its position by a



series of metal curtains, each fitted on a separate barrel, which on being turned by the proper key, lock into the grooves shown in the shackle. The keyhole is at the bottom of the lock. A Russian name (partly obliterated), supposed to be that of the maker, is stamped on the shackle. Although the lock has evidently been much worn, the workmanship is of very superior character.

An ingenious yet simple description of padlock is in ordinary use among the Chinese. Unlike the Russian lock, which has no springs, the shackle of this is secured by a number of latch springs, attached to one end, which on closing the lock are propelled through certain apertures in a metal plate, and spring out immediately behind it. The key is required only to open it, which it does on being inserted and pressed onwards so as to compress the springs and allow them again to pass through the corresponding apertures in the plate.

The Egyptian lock is the most ancient description of lock of which there is any record. For more than forty centuries it has been used in Egypt, and that which we engrave is one of the usual kind sold in Cairo. To the outside of the door is fixed a wooden staple, in the upper part of which are several loose pins. These pins drop into corresponding holes in the bolt, so as to fasten the door when the bolt is pushed home. The key is a piece of wood, at one end of which are fixed pegs corresponding to those in the lock. It is inserted through a slot, when the pegs in the key lift up the loose pins in the lock to their respective heights, and thus allow the bolt to move backward or forward. Although this simple in its construction, it is more secure than many common English locks. It is well adapted for out-houses, field-gates and similar purposes; and both lock and key being made almost entirely of wood, they might easily be constructed by any person able to handle a few carpenter's tools. The combinations of the locks and keys may be varied to any extent.

The Chinese have in use a lock of similar principle, but far more cumbersome in construction.

The locks from which these drawings are taken form a portion of the collection made by Mr. Chubb, of St. Paul's Churchyard, who will show them to any of the curious in such matters.

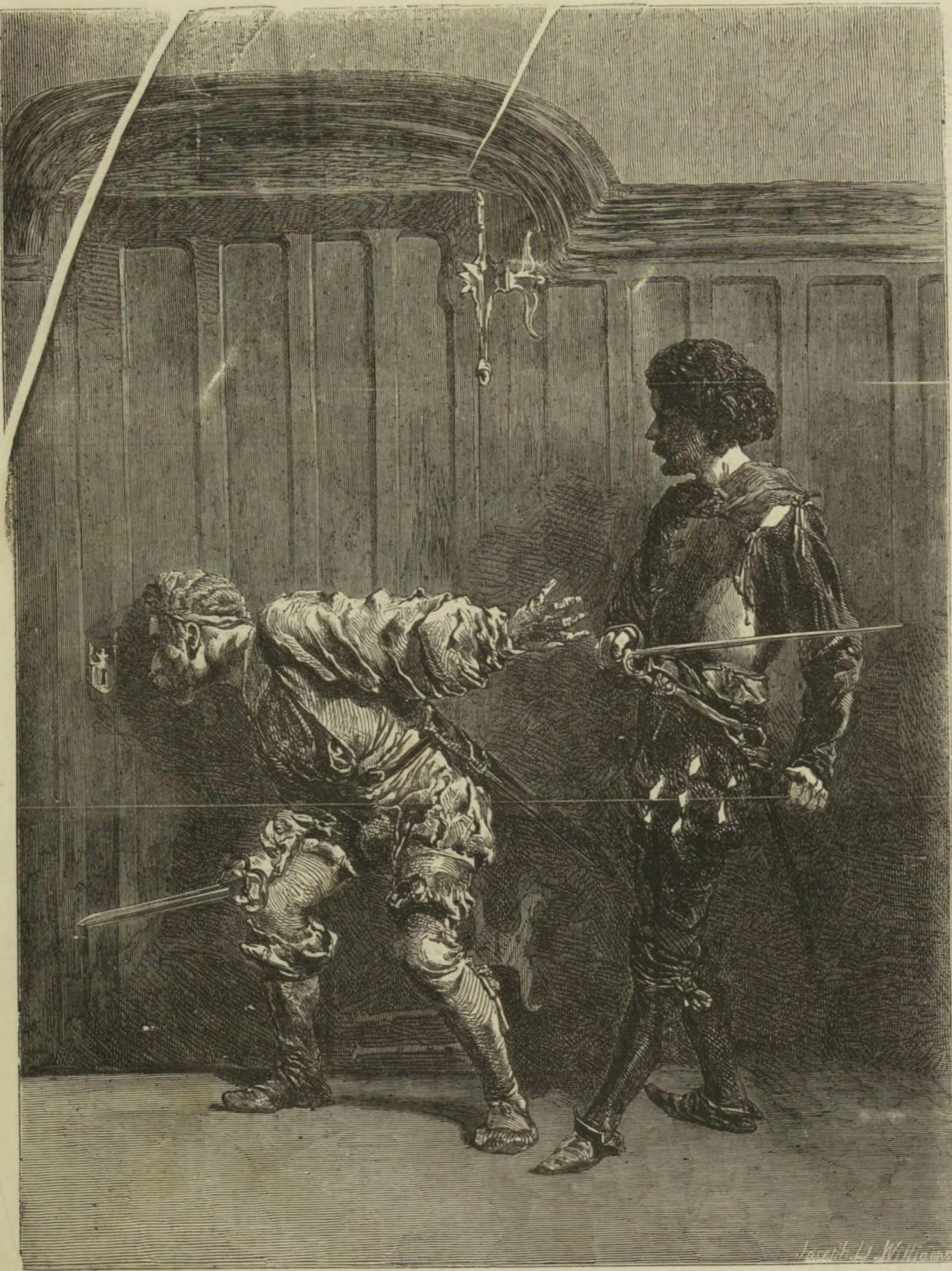
"THE BRAVOS." BY MEISSONIER.

The Engraving, "The Bravos," is after a picture by Meissonier, a very popular artist in France, who paints small fancy subjects. This picture tells its own tale—two assassins watching at a door for the exit of their intended victim. It has not been engraved in France—at least not for sale, if at all. The same artist had three pictures in the late Paris Exposition: a landscape; a young man reading at his breakfast; and a third small canvas suggested by a line from a poem by Charles Reynaud—

In the shade of the forest a young poet sings.
Such is the desultory, fanciful style of this very pleasing artist, and the success with which he prosecutes it almost excites regret that he does not aspire a little higher and attempt something more important and upon a larger scale.

"ART AND LIBERTY." BY GALLAIT.

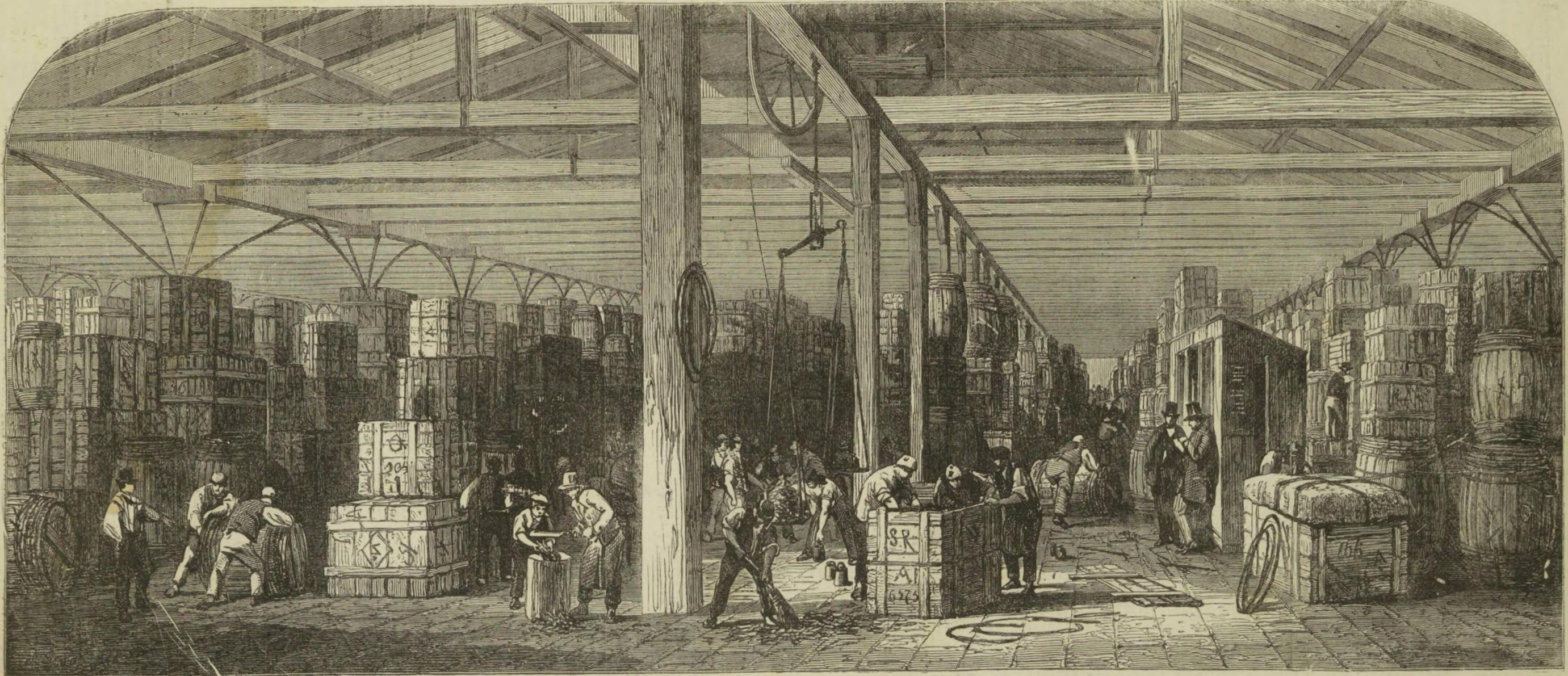
The Engraving entitled "Art and Liberty," is from a picture, of life-size, by one of the best living Belgian artists, M. Gallait, who contributed to the last Paris Exposition two of the finest pictures it contained—"Tasso" and "The Last Moments of Count Egmont." The print has been published at Paris, where it is a great favourite with artists, in most of whose lodgings or studios it is to be seen. This preference is probably to be attributed in many instances to a certain sympathy with the tastes of the bold good-looking fellow, over whom the cares of life evidently pass lightly, so long as he has fresh air, freedom, and his fiddle. Beside him are his music, his inkstand, and a pendent bunch of grapes, hinting that, like most of his craft, he is no enemy to the bottle. Indeed, there is nothing of the teetotaller in his look, very little of it indeed in his firm, well-cut, but full and rather sensual lips. On the wall, in the shadow of the vine's tendrils, he has carved the name of his lady love. He has a battered hat and a cloak somewhat tattered. But what cares he for that? He is free to come and go, his heart is light, his fingers are skilful, and all are ready to welcome the minstrel. The picture is altogether an extremely prepossessing one; and, in its boldness and freedom, harmonises admirably with the subject, whose qualities are the same; and the lights are excellently distributed.



"THE BRAVO."—PAINTED BY MEISSONIER.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



"ART AND LIBERTY."—PAINTED BY GALLAIT.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



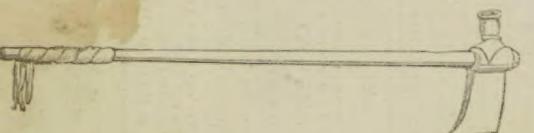
THE GREAT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE, AT THE LONDON DOCKS.

TOBACCO WAREHOUSES AT THE LONDON DOCKS.

THE Tobacco Warehouses at the London Docks, of the interior of one of which we this week give a representation, present certainly one of the great curiosities of the commercial world. The vast premises in which the tobacco brought into the port of London is stored previous to being entered for home consumption or re-exportation occupy an extent of some acres at the eastern extremity of the London Docks. There are, indeed, two warehouses; a smaller one being situated on the other side of the bridge which crosses the entrance to the docks from the river. It is the larger one which is represented in our Engraving. On first entering the building and glancing down the avenue—stretching to an immense distance—before one, hedged on each side with huge casks, much resembling the sugar-casks one sees at the doors of grocers, intermixed with large wooden packages of a square shape, the mind receives a mingled impression of wonder and amusement at the idea that all these are filled with the closely-pressed leaves of the tobacco-plant, and that in a space of time, more or less short, the greater part of the contents of these innumerable and bulky casks will, by the aid of human lungs and lips, have curled off in graceful circlets of white vapour, and "made themselves air." As one proceeds down this main gangway, and glances to the right and left over immense spaces paved with cask-heads, the impression grows stronger and stronger; and, widely diffused as one knows the habits of smoking, snuffing, and chewing to be, it is still inconceivable that such immense quantities of solid and weighty matter as are here presented to the eye should be consumed. Here and there in this wilderness of casks is seen a busy group assembled round



PIPE-HEADS, FROM ANCIENT GRAVES, IN NORTH AMERICA.



TOMAHAWK-PIPE.



ORNAMENTED PIPE.



AN INDIAN CHIEF, WITH THE PIPE OF PEACE.

a huge pair of scales which require the assistance of a large pulley-wheel fixed to the beams above to hoist them free of the ground. Around these scales a number of workmen are busily employed unhooping the casks; and when the head has been removed, together with the upper hoops, the huge cask is artfully tilted by the combined efforts of three or four pair of stalwart arms upon one board of the scale, and, being taken off like an extinguisher, its contents are left standing in a solid column of closely-pressed tobacco-leaves. The Custom-house officer in whose presence this operation is performed directs one of his men to insert a sharp-pointed instrument into the mass, and, by using it as a lever, to detach thick layers at various intervals, and thus to ascertain that the whole block consists of tobacco-leaves and nothing else. Its weight is then taken, and duly noted with the brand and ship-marks which are on the casks. This is with a view to the charging of duty for the revenue, and the registration of each package and its contents by the warehouse clerks. To the right of the principal warehouse, in a separate compartment, is what is called the Cigar Floor, in which the cases of tobacco manufactured into cigars, cheroots, and what is called negro-head and cavendish tobacco, are stored, and submitted to the same process of weighing and registration. This department is altogether more cleanly and refined in its appearance, as befits the receptacle of the aristocratic foreign-made cigar. It is the upper house, as it were, of the commonwealth of weeds; it is floored with deal planking, instead of the rough stone pavement of the commons, the air is dry and temperate, and the supply of light abundant. Two large apartments into which the cigar floor is divided are filled partly with rows of mahogany chests, piled one upon another, and marked with the brands of the various growers, from whose estates they



PIPES DUG OUT OF THE RUINS OF ANCIENT MEXICAN CITIES.

are derived, partly with little squat tub-like casks, containing the dark pitch-like matter called negro-head or cavendish tobacco. Some of the cases lie open as they are undergoing inspection, and the layers of cigars, neatly and carefully packed up in bundles, are revealed. In this department one is no longer impressed with the sense of quantity; rather the reverse; the comparatively meagre display of cigars, imported in a manufactured state, persuades one of the extreme caution with which the assertions of the cigar-shop keeper are to be received, who, in his anxiety to enlist your custom, too frequently condescends to unworthy misrepresentations. Were all the cigars which we are so glibly assured to be foreign-made really so, the cigar floor would have to be enlarged to nearly equal dimensions with its less-refined neighbour.

A remarkable feature of a visit to the Tobacco Warehouses of the London Docks is the inspection of the kiln, in which all the waste and damaged tobacco is reduced to ashes—commonly known as the Queen's Tobacco-pipe. To obtain a sight of this we proceeded to the further extremity of the warehouses, then to the right, and found ourselves before a small folding door, on which are emblazoned, in rough style of heraldic limning, a crown and other insignia of royalty. This is the royal pipe-case, decorated with its appropriate cipher. Opening the case, we stood in the presence of the pipe itself, in the shape of a huge funnel-shaped brick shaft, stretching high up in the air—the Queen, indeed, smokes many yards of clay; the bowl of the pipe, closed by an iron lid bearing the like royal cipher to that on the door, stands glowing and roaring before us. The pipe-case is very dark; and through the gloom we distinguished a dusky individual, who shortly made himself known as the attendant slave on the royal pipe—the Queen's hooka-burdar. His appearance is that of an abject penitent, for he is clothed in sack-cloth and covered with ashes. Day and night he feeds the voracious bowl, and rakes out the ashes as they accumulate in the receptacle below. Like the virgins of the Temple of Vesta, he tends fire which is never quenched, for the Sovereign is the most inveterate smoker of the realm. The royal pipe symbolises the constitutional maxim—as the Monarch never dies, so the Monarch's pipe is never put out. This is almost literally true, for we were solemnly assured by the above-mentioned individual that, during a space of eleven years, until "last Saturday five weeks," the bowl of the Queen's pipe had never cooled. Royalty does not, however, fill its pipe with the fragrant weed alone. Sometimes—we heard it in astonishment, and write in sorrow—John Barleycorn, to add to his other sufferings recorded by the poet, is condemned to the flames. Some few days before, we forgot how many quarters of barley seized by the officers of the revenue were handed over to our friend in the sack-cloth and ashes to be thrown into the fiery furnace. Well might he, after so foul a deed, wear the badge of repentance. It is strange, when we are told of scarcity in the land, threatened with famine prices, to hear of food thus wilfully destroyed. Routine and State craft have probably a ready explanation—logical, profound—which may not always meet with a ready acquiescence, doubtless; but it is ill reasoning with an empty stomach. With this sad fact as a subject of grave rumination, the visitor departs from the Tobacco Warehouses of the London Docks, chewing the cud or quid of meditation. There is one more detail connected with the so-called Queen's pipe, which must in fairness be added, as it acts in some degree compensatingly to that last recorded. If the fruits of the land are thus ruthlessly destroyed on the one hand, the producing power of the soil is augmented on the other; for the ashes of the Royal tobacco-pipe are sold to agriculturists as a manure, and it is said to be a very rich and effective one.

According to the last returns from the Board of Trade, the quantities of tobacco imported from the 6th of January to the 10th of September last were as follows:—Stemmed tobacco, 6,218,340 lbs.; unstemmed, 10,637,863 lbs.; manufactured and snuff, 1,969,235 lbs.; total, 18,825,438 lbs. The quantities entered for home consumption during the same period were:—Stemmed, 11,684,484 lbs.; unstemmed, 10,523,886 lbs.; and manufactured, 164,815 lbs.; total, 22,373,185 lbs.

(For an Account of "Ancient Pipes and Smokers" see page 27.)

HOSPITAL for WOMEN, Soho-square.—The Committee earnestly appeal for Funds in consequence of the pressure arising from the high price of provisions. An unusual number of distressing cases are waiting for admission.

THOMAS BANGER, Secretary. BANKERS: Messrs. Barclay and Co., 54, Lombard-street; Messrs. Ransom and Co., 1, Pall-Mall.

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